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Sunday, Oct. 28, 1934

Full Moon

by Talbot Mundy

"Love me, you savage! I will give you the keys of India—of Asia— You devil, love me!"

CHAPTER I.

An Uncanny Disappearance.

BOMBAY sweltered. The Police Commissioner's dim-lit library was stifling in spite of electric fans. The night's humidity, the length of a garden and two streets deadened the clang of tram-cars; but there was a rumbling undertone of indrawn rancor.

There had been a three-day pause, brooding between riots; passion momentarily exhausted, redistilled itself at 90 in the shade. But the watch kept. Police headquarters are where the Commissioner is, at the end of a telephone.

He clicked back the phone on its rest and wiped his forehead; a gray man, with a rather close-clipped moustache and heavy eyebrows over dark, deep-sunken eyes.

Blair Warrender took the chair opposite and eased his long legs under the table. He was a much younger man, not scared of the Commissioner, but not quite sure he liked him. The Commissioner was an irritating enigma; he was sometimes genial, equally as often sardonic. He expected his subordinates to work in the dark and take the blame for accidents. He had a better than usual record for blaming or praising the right man, but he trusted subordinates, according to their view of it, too much or not enough.

He almost never trusted one individual with all the facts of a case. When he called a man by his first name it might indicate confidence, or it might reveal familiarity that bordered on contempt; there was no knowing which. But no one, least of all Blair Warrender, doubted his ability or dreamed of disobeying orders.

There was a rather new scar on Blair Warrender's chin, but nothing else instantly noticeable about him except his eyes. They smoldered. They made some women hate him at sight. Other, wiser women, recognized controlled and consequently deadly anger; some took sporting chances with it. Wiser women yet sought his friendship, dangerous in one sense though it might be. Men found him easy to work with, if rather exacting.

He was very neat in a new uniform, that he could ill afford; his other one had been torn off his back by Hindus, some of whom he had recently saved from being beaten by Moslems. Paradoxically but inevitably the rescued Hindus had accused him of racial prejudice along with more unmentionable faults; but he was used to that and exasperatingly unresentful.

The table was near one end of the room, where the shaded electric light made the Bokhara hangings look like a blood-stained arras. At the other end of the room, near the door, stood a turbaned servant, who had rather Mongolian eyes. When the Commissioner, with a cigar in one side of his mouth, grumbled indistinctly and in a low voice that it was the hottest night in ten years the servant examined the switch of the electric fan. So the Commissioner pitched his voice still lower.

"Read this."

He handed Blair Warrender a London daily paper ten days old, blue-penciled at a headline in heavy type:

"INDIA: BRITISH OFFICER MYSTERIOUSLY MISSING.
RUMORED VICTIM OF TERRORISTS—OFFICIAL SILENCE."

Blair Warrender read the paragraph—frowned—passed the paper back.

"Frensham," he said, "has been missing for months. According to the League of Nations report a hundred thousand people vanish every year without trace. The mystery is that the papers didn't learn of this sooner. What's special about Frensham? I suppose it means trouble."

"For you, yes. You find Frensham." The Commissioner folded the newspaper, laid it on some other documents and slipped an elastic band over the lot. Then he handed a file of reports across the table. "I need you like the deuce here in Bombay, but——" He paused perceptibly, with his eyes

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Priceless 400-Year-Old Paintings Found in Long Forgotten Church

One of the Best of the Seventeenth Century Paintings—Showing the Savior Being Crucified and Placed in His Tomb—Salvaged from the Crumbling Walls of a Neglected and Almost Forgotten Church in Abyssinia.

A Remarkably Well Preserved Painting of the Beheading of John the Baptist Taken from the Decaying Wall of the Old Church by French Scientists Who Have Restored the 400-Year-Old Masterpiece of Religious Art. The Panel Is Approximately Four Feet Long and Three Feet Wide.

The Seventeenth Century Artist, Whoever He Was, Left Out None of the Details in This Version of the Martyrdom of St. Peter.

FORTUNATELY for them, and for the world, a party of French scientists studying the folkways and history of Abyssinia recently, stumbled upon a tumbled-down thatch-roofed building in an isolated section of the African empire once ruled by the glamorous and ambitious Queen of Sheba. They made their rich discovery in the jungles near the little town of Gondar, which is in the northwest part of the country not far from the frontier of Egyptian Sudan.

What was left of the structure was circular. Tropical rains had rotted the roof and made a bog of the earthen floor. Whole sections of the walls had fallen out and were overgrown with rank nests of weeds—but in the dark and moldy interior the scientists found more than a dozen faded pictures that identified the hut as a long forgotten Christian church. The paintings were peeling from the dank walls and were besmirched by pigeons and night birds that had made a roosting place of the place of worship.

For days the members of the expedition labored, carefully cleaning the pictures. One by one the figures were revealed—interestingly executed Christian works of art done in the best manner of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Three of the dozen paintings, reproduced on this page, showed the Saviour wearing the Crown of Thorns (and, in the lower part of the same canvas, being laid in His Tomb while the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalen look on), the story of the beheading of John the Baptist, and some imaginative artist's conception of the martyrdom of St. Peter.

The pictorial representation of the tragic end of John the Baptist omits none of the unpleasant details of that Biblical drama. King Herod the Great is shown on his throne commanding his executioner to apply the knife to the saint's neck, and the headsman is seen doing the job and passing the head to a handmaiden of Salome, who, in turn, presents the grim gift to her mistress. Subtlety, obviously, was not one of the ideals of the artist who provided the Abyssinians of the seventeenth century with their religious paintings.

These pictures, along with several others, were taken to Paris where they are now on public view in the Trocadero Museum. Some of the other dim and musty masterpieces found in the jungle hut show the Virgin Mary and the Christ Child in the Bethlehem manger, the martyrdom of St. Stephen, the Virgin and the young Messiah surrounded by angels and groups of ornately robed fathers of the church.

In Gondar the discoverers of this treasure house of art located a venerable Abyssinian who remembered the legend of the forgotten house of worship. He had been told by his grandfather that the church was built by one "John the Saint," son of the Emperor Fasil, who ruled Abyssinia in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

The paintings, according to the legend, were done by one Kisewon, who was a member of the considerable Greek colony in Gondar at the time the church was built.

In the paintings that have been cleaned and partially restored so far the name of Kisewon has not been found, so the legend has not been verified. It is possible, the scientists say, that, if the Greek did have the contract to decorate the ancient church in the jungle, he acted in the capacity of supervisor and allotted some of the work to native artists, doing the more difficult and delicate of the painting himself. That was the case in several other Abyssinian churches from which, in years past, the French Government has salvaged similar but less remarkable and valuable works of art.

Has a Suit to Match His Dog

EVERY year the good people of Ongar, England, take time off to show off their prize dogs, and there are many of them because this Essex County community has some of the finest breeding kennels in the British Isles. This year the show was staged for the benefit of the local hospital and almost everybody in town closed up shop for the day and had a lot of fun while contributing to a worthy cause.

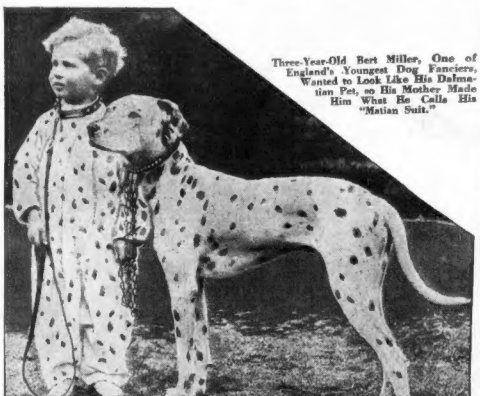
There were more than 50 thoroughbred dogs on display but little Bert Miller, who has turned three, stole the show with his blue-blooded Dalmatian. The dog, because he is one of the best of his breed in England, would have come off with a blue ribbon anyway but the attention of the judges, and everyone else, was especially attracted to the dog and his youthful master because the boy had insisted that he appear at the show with a suit that matched his pet.

At first the lad's mother had thought that the idea was just a whimsy that would be forgotten before the day of the show, but Bert was firm in his demand for an outfit that would go well with his four-footed pal and there was nothing to do except humor him. Mrs. Miller drove into town and bought a one-piece suit of white duck overalls and Mr. Miller went to work on the simple costume with a brush and a pot of black paint. Here and there he daubed an irregular spot while his son watched and supervised the job.

"Don't put them all together, daddy," he warned, "because they're not all together on Chummy. And be sure you get enough of them, because mother once counted the spots and he's got 81 of them, counting all those on his ears."

Mr. Miller obeyed instructions implicitly and, when he had done the paint job to his boy's satisfaction, hung the outfit up in the sun to dry. Early on the day of the dog show Bert was awake and in his "matian suit," as he called it. As soon as he had finished his breakfast he was out in the stable working on his dog with a curry comb and a brush, to be sure that he would look his best in the parade.

The boy hoped that people would notice that his suit was intended to go with the peculiar marking of his dog, but he was hardly prepared for the applause that greeted him when he stepped out on the greensward to join the other owners and their prize pets. Two photographers—one from a big London magazine that his father read—rushed up to him and told him that he was the best picture in the show. One of them snapped the amusing "shot" shown on this page.



Three-Year-Old Bert Miller, One of England's Youngest Dog Fanciers, Wanted to Look Like His Dalmatian Pet, so His Mother Made Him What He Calls His "Matian Suit."

New Facts About the Busy Bee

FOR a long time the scientists concerned with the whys and wherefores of insect behaviorism have been trying to find out why bees seem, at times, to be fickle and capricious creatures shifting without apparent reason from one kind of plant to another. And, at last, Uncle Sam's entomologists, after months of work in the gardens and orchards of California, have solved the mystery. The bees like their nectar straight, just as some human drinkers of the old school refuse to dilute their rye or Scotch with any other liquid.

The bees observed in the recent experiments avoided open fruit blossoms, such as apricot and plum blooms and concentrated their energies on near-by almond blossoms, although the fruit blossoms seemed to be a more prolific source of nectar, the substance from which honey is made. Day after day study finally revealed that the bees kept away from the apricot and plum trees because the blossoms were wide open and the nectar in them had been diluted with rain, or dew. In the almond blossoms the nectar was better protected and had not been thinned out with moisture.

Another interesting fact was established—that bees sometimes devote the early morning hours to gathering pollen only and that, when they are after this material, they have not the slightest interest in nectar. This trait of the industrious insects is, of course, Mother Nature's way of making them play an important part in the fertilization of fruits and flowers by carrying the pollen from one plant to another.

It has long been supposed that, of all the trees and plants, the apple tree, with its beautiful pink-and-white blossoms, was an outstanding favorite among the bees and that they would spend their time in apple orchards so long as there was nectar to be gathered. But this is not in keeping with the newly discovered facts. In California the apple trees blossom comparatively late in the season, after many other fruits have blossomed, so the apple trees, in a way, have the field to themselves and might not be favored by the bees if conditions were different.

The scientists saw bees lured away from orchards bright and sweet with blooms by other plants that they supposed were much less popular with the honey gatherers. These plants include—mustard, chickweed and manzanita. A chemical analysis of the nectar in these plants showed that the substance was more highly concentrated than in the fruit blossoms and added additional proof that the bees are "straight drinkers" and do not care especially for what might be called Mother Nature's cocktails and highballs with water employed as a mixer.

A Real-Life Alice in Wonderland Who Raises Her Own Flamingoes

DURING the course of her incredible experiences in the strange country that she found on the other side of the looking-glass, Alice in Wonderland picked up an acquaintance with many strange creatures, among them a long-necked flamingo.

In her whimsical conversation with the homely old Duchess, Alice warned the Duchess not to put her arm around her waist or the bird might take a nip at her bulbous nose. "Very true," said the Duchess, "flamingoes and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is—'Birds of a feather flock together.'" And Alice, not to be outdone by the daffy old dowager, replied, "only mustard isn't a bird."

In Miami, Florida, there is a flesh-and-blood young woman who knows much more than the fictional Alice could possibly know about flamingoes, including the fact that these birds are not mustard, but creatures which can be made pets of—and, what is more important, sold at a handsome profit. Her name is Ruth Louise Bascam and she has yet to celebrate her eighteenth birthday. In the past few years she has collected and sold to zoos all over the country more than 300 flamingoes and she keeps one especially nice example of the species as a pet.

It was when Ruth was 15 years old and on a visit to Cuba that she got the bright idea that someone, preferably herself, could do a big business importing some of the queer birds she saw there to this country. Her mother thought that the girl was much too young to be launching out on a business career but she gave her consent and Ruth made arrangements with agents in Cuba to send her such birds as she might order from them.

At first she dealt mostly in parrots and love birds and, after she had filled a special order for a white Cuban peacock, she went into the business in a big way and made her back yard into an aviary with a pool and fountain in the middle of it.

Her first big order was for a flock of coral colored flamingoes from a wealthy American sportsman who wanted the birds to ornament the gardens of a race track which he owns and operates. She managed to locate 30 of the birds and had them shipped to her from the West Indies. But she never closed the deal because no one had thought to clip the flamingoes' wings and, the morning after they arrived at Miss Bascam's aviary she looked out the window to see every one of them take to the air and speed back toward the Southeast whence they came at considerable trouble and expense.

Since that time the modern Alice in Wonderland who raises her own flamingoes and doesn't make any silly talk about them to duchesses or anybody else has imported more than 300 of them into this country and disposed of most of them to public and private zoos.

She keeps the flamingo shown with her in the photograph, as a private pet and a sort of official greeter to the other flamingoes that are shipped to her from time to time.

One of the Late John Tenniel's Famous Illustrations for an Early Edition of "Alice in Wonderland," Showing Alice with the Duchess and Her Flamingo and, at the Right, Ruth Bascam, Looking Very Much Like the Fictional Alice, with One of Her Own Flamingoes

How Nature Makes Fake Rainbows

RAINBOW-COLORED streaks in the sky are not always rainbows.

Opalescent patches of various sizes and shapes, tinted with all the rainbow's hues but bearing no physical relation to the true rainbow, are occasionally seen, usually late in the Fall, high up in the sky near the sun, according to Dr. W. J. Humphreys of the United States Weather Bureau.

This rare celestial phenomenon, Dr. Humphreys explains, is caused by interference from minute drops of water in the clouds to light waves traveling earthward from the sun. These droplets act on the light in such a way as to cause the crests of some parts of a wave of light to get ahead of the crests of others. When the crest and the trough of a wave reach a certain point at the same time the light is dimmed. When two crests come along together the light is intensified. This diffraction of light waves, Dr. Humphreys says, gives the sky bright patches of color, especially red and green, that are sometimes mistaken for rainbows.

The iridescent cloud effect produced when light is forced to pass through the tiny raindrops is the same as that of the colored corona often seen near the sun or moon but of much larger radius and purer and brighter in color, owing to the extraordinarily minute size of the drops and the thinness of the silky, gauzy clouds. Anyone is lucky, Dr. Humphreys observes, to see this gorgeous spectacle once in a lifetime, though a watchful observer may see one or more such displays almost every year.

Mother Nature's clever pseudo-rainbows can always be told from the genuine article because they never stretch in a great and beautiful arc from one point on the horizon to another and they never achieve the distinct and brilliant colors of the more familiar phenomenon which usually is the happy ending to a visitation of stormy weather.

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Difficult Job of Chaperoning Two $50,000,000 Sons

Hardly Has Mama Donahue Pried Jimmy Loose From a Pair of White Clutching Arms Than Another Pair Grabs "Woolie"---Object Matrimony

The Princess Alexis Mdivani (Formerly Barbara Hutton) Photographed Sun-Bathing at the Lido, Venice, and Beside Her the Duca di Laurino Caraccioli. Mrs. Donahue Sent Her Son Jimmy Along on Barbara's Honeymoon to Be Chaperoned by Her From Designing Girls.

Miss Wendy Barrie (the Taller), the Popular English Actress, From Whom Mama Donahue Took Woolie and Marched Him Back to America. Miss Barrie Is Shown With Miss Frances Day Opening the Film Artists' Annual Dance at Burlington Gardens, London.

MRS. JESSIE WOOLWORTH DONAHUE, "poor little rich widow," loaded down with millions and the auntie of Princess Barbara Hutton Mdivani, sometimes leads a hard life.

Very rich widows must expect to be pursued by designing men, but Mrs. Donahue's affliction is not horrid men but lovely ladies which she thinks are worse. They do not get after her but her two good-looking young sons whose attractiveness is not marred by the fact that they are heirs to something like $50,000,000, provided people die in the right order and nobody cheats the grave too long.

If there were only one of them or if they were Siamese twins it would not be so hard to chaperone the pair. As it is, no sooner does the vigilant mother disentangle a pair of soft, clinging arms from Jimmy's neck, dust the powder from his coat collar, and get him to see things in their true light, than there comes a warning cry:

"Look out! Woolie is failing again."

This means that the overworked "dime dowager" must jump across the English Channel or the Atlantic Ocean to rescue her other son, Woolworth Donahue.

Her latest job, and she isn't quite finished with it, was to salvage Woolie from Paris, where she learned that he was becoming fascinated by the charming Miss Wendy Barrie. There is nothing wrong, mentally, morally and certainly not physically with Miss Barrie, but Mama Donahue, for some reason, does not like actresses in the role of wives and perhaps she is prejudiced by the fact that this one played the part of the second wife of Henry VIII, in that famous film.

King Henry's method of divorcing wives with an axe solved the alimony problem but it has been criticized and is obsolete even for "nickle-and-dime royalty." Mrs. Donahue was resting in London when she received the bad news. Some months previous, the widow's watchful eye had seen a pair of London arms reaching for her boy and therefore had sent Woolie to Paris, out of harm's way. Paris is no monastery and some might think it a rather ill-chosen refuge for a girl-crazy youth.

But the widow had two reasons, consisting of Woolie's cousin Princess Barbara and her husband, Prince Alex Mdivani. Again some might not think this giddy and pleasure-loving pair a particularly happy choice as chaperones but they had proved their worth on a previous occasion. When brother Jimmy was snatched from the jaws of matrimony with a Broadway beauty, his mother sent him around the world with the Mdivanis on their delayed honeymoon, with most satisfactory results for the time being. He announced himself "cured" of the idea of matrimony.

Still, Mrs. Donahue should not have relied too much on this one performance. Those Georgian Princelings are known as the "Marrying Mdivanis" and are staunch believers in matrimony as a career for men. Therefore it is not surprising if the pair fell down with Woolie. Anyway, it appears that they did.

The first intimation Mrs. Donahue received that she was due to enter the ring for another of those everlasting rounds with Cupid, was a post card from a friend in Monte Carlo, saying that she had just heard Woolie was engaged to be married in a fortnight to Wendy Barrie—"Such a nice girl—congratulations and all that."

Woolie's mama reached for the telephone to find out if these "congratulations and all that" were based on fact. She finally got Prince Alex at Cannes. His Georgian Highness evidently did not take the rumor seriously because he replied with one of his charming quips:

"Half the lies they tell about the Irish aren't true."

Mrs. Donahue took the next airplane to Paris. She remembered that when Barbara was married, Woolie had been given a small but rather showy part in that grand spectacle. His duty, and he did it nobly, was to hold a crown of some sort over his cousin's head, with a perfectly straight face and repressing his natural desire to 'crown' her good and hard with it, a deed which would have made him forever famous.

That was very nice, and Mama was proud and pleased until later she heard a professional actress complimenting Woolie on his work and saying that he belonged in the movies. Mrs. Donahue took one look at the light in her son's eyes and then marched him right over to England. That actress, she now remembered, was Miss Wendy Barrie.

Mrs. Donahue found Woolie, and she did not give him the maternal blessing but she said other things. When Mrs. Donahue talks her sons listen and they give right answers, even if they do backslide afterward.

About twenty-four hours later, he had packed up, bade Paris a hasty farewell and was on his way to England and the U. S. A. convoyed by his mother. Woolie, looking slightly sad but wholly resigned to indefinite bachelorhood, remarked philosophically:

"Oh well, there was a lot of competition. It would have been a lot of bother."

The "competition" was pleased but tried to look sympathetic when Miss Barrie said indignantly:

"His mama, who admits she has hardly laid eyes on me, is doing her best to keep us respectably apart. Also I would like to know what thoughtful person has hired about five detectives to hound my trail.

"I don't think they are very good detectives or everybody would not be able to spot them so easily. The other day, at the Ritz bar, I sent a waiter around to one of them with a message that I was having a Martini instead of the Manhattan that he had heard me order. The fellow thanked the waiter and I saw him make the correction."

Brother Jimmie has been rather quiet matrimonially for some time, but last Summer, in this same Paris, he exhibited an alarming manifestation of something, his mother does not know quite what—so she put a stop to it.

One morning, over in London, the butler handed her the following telegram from an observing friend in Paris:

"DID YOU KNOW THAT JIMMY IS A CROONER IN A NIGHT SPOT ON THE RUE PIGALLE? IF NOT IS IT ALL RIGHT?"

No, it was not all right. Starving men may be forgiven for doing most anything in order to eat, even crooning. But there was no such extenuation for a son of hers. Over the Channel she hopped to investigate.

Jimmy's excuse was somewhat as follows. He wasn't a poor crooner. He was a good crooner, as proved by the fact that they were paying him good money for it. She ought to be proud that her son could earn an honest living, "all by hand, as Father would have said."

But the crooner crop in Paris was reduced by one.

It was due to a similar shock that Mrs. Donahue had found it desirable to send the same James P., then just old enough to vote, around the world with his recently ennobled cousin. With a party of friends the widow attended a performance, in New York, of the musical show "Hot And Bothered." It was a pleasant evening until the first time the full chorus came on. Then she noticed a young gentleman, kicking and dancing and showing every sign of a worthy intention to earn a chorus man's pay.

As the widow's eye fell upon this hardworking man, they began to bulge as suspicion grew to a horrible certainty. Under so much makeup that only a mother could have recognized them, she discerned the features of her dearly-beloved younger son, completely surrounded by scantily-clad femininity.

The audience, seeing a lady dashing out of the house supposed she must be very ill. They were not far wrong, at least she was hot and bothered. She had identified her offspring on the program under the name of James Hogan. A little later the stage door man said to Jimmy:

"There is a lady here who says she is your mother but she doesn't look as if she had come to mother you, exactly."

Jimmy was persuaded to give up his stage career but insisted that it would not be honest to run out without giving the management its two weeks notice. She wouldn't have him do anything like that would she? She would. She had already seen the management and gotten them to waive their rights.

Mama Donahue does not think an actor is as bad as a crooner; what roused her to such vigorous action was belief that he was on stage for an ulterior purpose. That purpose was known under the name of Mrs. Louis Kaufman II, lately estranged from her husband. Under the name of Dorothy Dilley that same very beautiful person was prancing around on the stage of "Hot And Bothered."

Maybe Mama would have done better to have let that situation alone awhile, because this Dorothy could not possibly have married Jimmy until she had gotten her divorce.

It was then, with the inspiration of despair, that Mrs. Donahue shipped him off under the guardianship of the Mdivanis on their honeymoon.

Of course a reasonable person like Mrs. Donahue, if she has higher social ambitions for her boys, knows the best way to avoid all this labor and anxiety is to get them safely married to the right sort of girls. She has tried many times, seeking out the very nicest specimens of well-behaved, blue-blooded maidens only to find, on introducing what ought to be perfect mates that the "obstinate things" did not give a whoop for each other.

However, with Jimmy she once almost succeeded. The date was all set for him to marry on January 20, 1934, still another Dorothy, Miss Dorothy Fell, a New York child of fortune and highest social standing. A huge, glittering solitaire was on Dorothy's business finger and it did not come from any ten-cent store either. Then only twelve days before the date, she handed the sparkler back to him and called it off.

Mrs. Donahue wanted to know why her boy was not good enough for any Dorothy, even if this one was descended from Van Rensselaers and Drexels.

"He is incompatible," Dorothy told her.

"Oh dear! I wish some of the other girls felt that way about him," sighed Mrs. Donahue.

Though the recent Paris episode was safely weathered, Mrs. Donahue's troubles are not over, because it wasn't long before Miss Barrie jumped over the Atlantic and unexpectedly came to the United States. She expressly denied that it was in pursuit of Woolie, but, anyway, he was up in some inaccessible part of Canada hunting, and did not meet her at the boat. Of course, there are mails even from inaccessible parts.

The late James P. Donahue, Sr. committed suicide by poison in April of 1931, leaving to his wife and two children an estate of over a million dollars. Donahue, though he married one of the richest women in the country, was a self-made man who without any aid from her built up a fortune of several millions, most of which he lost before he died.

Mrs. James Donahue, Whose Sons' Romances Worry Her.

Woolie Donahue and Miss Dorothy Fell, the Fashionable New York Society Girl, Whose Engagement Was Approved by Mama Donahue—But Was Broken by Miss Dorothy.

Jimmy Donahue With Miss Dorothy Cullen, His Guest at a Colony Club Party Ending the Fashionable East Hampton, Long Island, Season.

Miss Dorothy Dilley, in Whose Show Jimmy Acted Until Mama Found It Out and Marched Him Away.

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The Sunday School Teacher Who Was a Bandit on Week Days

IF GEORGE THOMPSON, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, hadn't made the mistake of driving down Broadway in an automobile at the time Mrs. Ray E. Ross was walking along that thoroughfare, he might still be one of the community's "model boys" and teaching a Sunday school class of admiring young men at the fashionable Fifth Avenue Methodist Church. But because he made that error in judgment he wound up in the Council Bluffs hospital, shackled to a blood-stained cot and attended by a couple of alert policemen as well as an anxious nurse.

It seems that the car Mr. Thompson was driving was recognized by Mrs. Ross as one that had been stolen from her three weeks before. She rushed into a store and called the police, who were convinced that, at last, they were on the trail of the bandit who had been staging filling station holdups and stealing other people's automobiles in Council Bluffs and vicinity for months.

A few minutes after the woman's call to headquarters two detectives were tearing through the streets in hot pursuit of the stolen car. The driver had his nerve with him and "stepped on it" in an attempt to escape. The detectives guessed that he was a bad one and that they probably would have to shoot it out with their quarry, so when he leaped out of the machine and took to his heels after crashing into another car, they opened fire with their shotguns. The culprit dropped.

It was not until they had taken the badly wounded man to the hospital that they found out, to their amazement, that they had all but killed one of the city's most respected and supposedly most upright young men.

George Thompson was too weak to talk much but he did admit that the officers had found their bandit. He had, he haltingly confessed, held up several filling stations and stolen a few cars when he wasn't busy looking for work, teaching his class of Sunday school boys or attending prayer meeting. He admitted that the .38 calibre revolver his captors found in his pocket was the gun he had used in all his holdups, but took pains to explain that he had decided never to pull the trigger, even to resist capture. Crime was abhorrent to him and killing was unthinkable.

Everybody in Council Bluffs—and especially the members of the Fifth Avenue Methodist Church—found it hard to believe what they read in the papers about Georgie Thompson. He was, they thought, such a nice boy and so considerate of others. Why he should go in for thuggery was a deep and upsetting mystery.

The plot, as the saying goes, was at once thickened—and clarified—when Miss Jane Fogel appeared at the hospital and sobbingly threw her arms around the wounded man's neck. Rumor had never linked her name with that of the Sunday school teacher. It was revealed to those who witnessed the scene that Miss Fogel was about to become a mother. Things, for a time, looked very black for the church-going gunman.

Out of this dramatic scene in the hospital ward came the explanation of the whole confusing situation. Miss Fogel, it seems, had been Mrs. Thompson for about a year. She and George had eloped to Marysville, Missouri, and been married without saying a word to anyone. After their return they had gone to their respective homes and seen each other secretly because young Thompson—he is only 23—was unable at the time to maintain a home for himself and his bride.

When Mrs. Thompson discovered that her secret marriage was about to be crowned with a "blessed event," the youthful husband became desperate, and when he had failed for months in his efforts to get a job, he came to the conclusion that he just had to have money. Then it was that he got the gun and turned bandit. If society would not give him a chance to support his wife and his coming child, desperate measures were more or less justified.

His frank confession won him the sympathy of many citizens of Council Bluffs. They knew that he spoke the truth when he said that he had tried, unsuccessfully for more than a year to find something to do; they understood the difficulties of his situation and they believed that he never would have killed anyone with the gun he used to collect the living that the world owed him.

The parishioners of the Fifth Avenue Methodist Church rallied to the support of the young Sunday school teacher and decided to help him and his wife in their dire emergency. Thompson decided to plead guilty, but it seems more than likely that he will be paroled and given a chance to earn a living for himself, his wife and his child.

George Thompson, Who Taught a Sunday School Class at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on Sundays, Led the Prayer Meetings Wednesdays, and on Other Nights Turned His Attention to Holding Up Gas Stations and Stealing Automobiles.

Fifth Avenue Methodist Church, Where the Hold-Up Man Was Regarded as "A Model Boy," and Where He Taught a Boys' Class.

Mrs. Thompson, Whose Marriage to the Bandit Was Not Known Until Thompson Was Shot by Detectives.

Nazis Snip Off the Baroness's Hair

VIENNA

THE BARONESS BIBIKOFF, a leader of the social set in the Austrian capital and an outstanding beauty in this "city of beautiful women," never had much use for the Nazis anyway. Their beliefs and their behavior seemed all wrong to one who had been brought up as a patrician and who believed in the superiority of the so-called upper classes. But she kept her opinions of the Nazis to herself until the day that two brown-shirted zealots robbed her of her most prized possession—her long hair.

Those hoodlums, as she angrily called them when she reported the incident to the police, sneaked up behind her while she was sipping an aperitif in one of the city's more fashionable open-air restaurants, and with two snips with a pair of shears gave her an amateur and unsightly bob.

The Baroness leaped to her feet when the long silken plaits that hung over her shoulder dropped onto the table beside her glass. She screamed and called to a couple of policemen standing near-by. They started in hot pursuit after two brown-shirted forms legging it down a side street, and brought them back to the restaurant. The Baroness, so angry that tears filled her eyes, relieved herself of her opinion of the Nazi movement in general and of the two young men in particular. Why, she demanded, didn't they slap her face, or call her names, if they felt moved to insult someone in the name of Nazi propaganda? What possible good could it do their cause to go around snipping off people's hair? If she were a man, she said, she would try to give such hooligans the beating of their lives.

When the Baroness's assailants were arraigned in court their only plea was that "the leader" didn't favor too much display of "woman's crowning glory" and that they were only doing their duty as they saw it.

Baroness Bibikoff, Whose Beautiful Long Hair Seems to Have Been Sacrificed by the Nazis Because "the Leader" Didn't Like That Kind of Tresses.

Four Sets of Twins in the Dickinson Family at Hampden, Mass. There Are Two Sets of Brother-and-Sister Twins, the Calves Are Twins, and So Are the Lambs.

Everybody's Twins

THINGS seem to come in pairs at the Hampden, Massachusetts, farm of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Dickinson. The two oldest Dickinson children, Donald and Dorothy, are about the healthiest pair of 15-year-old twins to be found in the country and their younger brother and sister, appropriately named Robert and Roberta, arrived together about six years ago.

Twin calves and twin lambs are even rarer occurrences than human pairs but the Dickinson farm boasts such oddities, as the photograph shows. The calves, which are the particular pets of Donald and Dorothy, were brought up by the children and turned out to be such splendid specimens that one of them was exhibited among the prize livestock at the Eastern States Exposition, in Springfield, Mass.

The twin lambs, being nearer the size of the younger Dickinson twins, were adopted as their special property and are so fond of their little master and mistress that they follow them about like dogs. When Robert and Roberta set out for school the baby sheep had to be tied up so that they would not emulate the story-book lamb that followed his mistress Mary everywhere she went.

Francis X. Bushman's New Pistol Movie Camera

IN the days before the talkies the No. 1 movie hero of the country was Francis X. Bushman, but with the passing of the years and the addition of sound to the flickering films his handsome profile and muscular physique slipped into the limbo of forgotten things.

But Mr. Bushman is still very much alive, and he has high hopes of shooting back to fame and fortune—with a gun of his own invention. Anyway, he had the original idea which was perfected by himself and Oscar W. Atkin.

This is no ordinary gun, as the photographs show. It is an ultra-modern pistol that shoots pictures—either movies or still pictures—as well as bullets, and which has attracted the attention of police chiefs and criminologists all over the world. With such a firearm it is possible to catch photographic records of criminals while shooting them or shooting at them. Such records, it is easy to understand, would be extremely handy in court, and would prevent many a lawbreaker from winning his freedom through the familiar stalls and dodges of clever lawyers.

The camera contrivance weighs only about seven ounces and fits neatly under the barrel of the pistol. It can be loaded with a roll of 16-millimeter film on which 480 separate pictures can be taken in the short space of three minutes. By the simple adjustment of a mechanism the camera pistol can be used only as a shooting iron, strictly as a camera, or it can spray lead while it records the violent goings-on from the point of view of the operator of the device.

In support of Mr. Bushman's contention that his invention is no "toy gun," there is the recent invitation of the International Association of Police Chiefs, held in Washington, D. C., asking the one-time idol of the films to demonstrate what appears to be "an important Nemesis of the criminal." A model of the pistol-camera attracted the attention of thousands of people at the Century of Progress exposition.

Mr. Bushman is not blind to the value of his ingenious picture-taking gun to himself and to the forces of law and order everywhere, but he is most interested at the moment in using the invention as a springboard to catapult him back into the movies.

"Because of the present vogue of the mystery drama where the solution of the crime is contingent on some scientific discovery," says Mr. Bushman, "the invention is a 'natural' as the basis for many pictures. The characters and continuity could be built around the camera-gun. I'm not fooling myself that I can still play romantic leads, but I could do a good job in the role of a scientific detective and I believe that my invention will get me such a role. Anyway, I hope so."

A French publication recently gave credit for the invention to one of its countrymen but the idea, Mr. Bushman asserts, is his and he has protected it by registration in this country and abroad.

On Left—The Pistol Movie Camera, Invented by Francis X. Bushman, Showing the Pistol-like Exterior—and Beneath It, the "Works." Mr. Bushman, Star of the Silent Movies, Demonstrating the Camera, Which, He Says, May Elevate Him to Leading Roles in the Talkies.

Fingerprints as Disease Symptoms

FINGERPRINTS in the opinion of Dr. Heinrich Poll, an eminent German scientist, are much more than marks to help the police identify people with unsocial habits. They will some day mean as much to the physician diagnosing certain types of physical and mental disease as they do now to scientific detectives whose job it is to apprehend criminals.

After many years of painstaking work, during which he has studied more than 200,000 fingerprints, Dr. Poll recently wrote a scholarly treatise in which he stated that he was able to tell merely by looking at the tiny whorls and loops on the fingertips of clinic patients which of these patients were likely to acquire infantile paralysis and which were immune to the dread disease.

The scientist also made the surprising statement that he can, by a glance at the ends of their fingers, tell whether people are sane or insane.

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Why You Are Excitable, "High-Strung" or Dull

Remarkable Experiments on Thousands of Dogs by the Famous Professor Pavlov Lead Him to Conclude That There Is a Continual Conflict Going on Between Our Nerves and Our Brains With Each Trying to Boss the Other

EVERY family has members who get excited easily, even if there is nothing to get excited about. In every family, too, there are persons who never get excited, but merely sit still and let things happen. Each kind usually thinks rather poorly of the opposite kind. Unexcitable people call the excitable ones "flighty." These call their less excitable brothers or sisters dull and uninteresting.

Both characteristics are supposed to be parts of one's character, not changeable by anything. That is merely the way, it has long been said, that different people are built.

One of the greatest of the world's psychologists, Professor Ivan Pavlov, of Russia, does not agree. He says that excitability or dullness merely are symptoms of a continual conflict going on all the time in average human beings between certain living cells in the nerves and other living cells in the upper centers of the brain.

Each set of cells is trying to boss the other set.

If the brain cells succeed too completely, the result is dullness. If it is the nerve cells that win out, the result may be over-excitability. At a recent scientific meeting at Leningrad, Russia, Professor Pavlov explained how experiments carried on for years on thousands of dogs, raised and trained in his laboratories, led him to the new theory.

It might be said that the whole of human history has been a conflict between the two kinds of people whom Professor Pavlov's theory distinguishes. Some famous men and women have been excitable and highly energetic, perhaps too much so for their own good or for the good of their countries or enterprises. Others have been the reverse — too easy-loving and phlegmatic for the good of others or of themselves.

President Theodore Roosevelt belonged to the excitable class. Professor Pavlov would say that his nerve cells probably were stronger than his brain cells and often overrode them. President Taft, on the other hand, was of the less energetic type, whose brain cells evidently controlled and overrode the stimulating efforts of his nerve cells. That is why many people said, when Taft succeeded Roosevelt, that the new President had been a better judge than he was a President; the calm, unhurried attitude of persons whose brain cells control their nerve cells being an ideal example of what is called the judicial attitude.

The two babies whose portraits are contrasted on this page might be called a miniature Taft and Roosevelt, so clearly do they show by their different attitudes the contrasted calm and excitability of the brain-bossed type and the nerve-bossed type. Mobs are composed, it is probable, chiefly of the nerve-bossed kind of individuals, as is indicated by the contrast in the other picture on this page between the calm of Charlotte Corday after she had killed Marat and the excitability of the crowd of French citizens who have burst in upon the tragic scene.

Taking two dictators now prominent in the world, Adolf Hitler, in Germany, evidently represents the over-nervous type of person whose nerve cells succeed much of the time in bossing his brain cells. Benito Mussolini, in Italy, represents the other type of person whose brain cells usually control his nervous ones. That, at least, seems to be true of the Italian leader today, whatever may have been the case in his more youthful and more fiery days before the Fascist party came into power and responsibility.

Among the distinguished persons of the opposite tendency, in addition to the late President Taft, must be classed President Woodrow Wilson, the late Thomas A. Edison and perhaps the present President, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Seldom, if ever, have any of these individuals been seen highly excited. No matter how actively the nerve cells in their bodies try to "start something," the brain cells seem to retain their unbroken control.

These distinguished individuals represent what might be called normal types of variation between the brain-bossed and nerve-bossed kinds of person. Greater extremes are familiar to everybody. Actors, musicians, artists and writers often are excitable and over-nervous. Thousands of stories are told of the temperamental behavior of Sarah Bernhardt, Edwin Booth and other great stage stars, of Whistler or other artists, of scores of great musicians, prose writers and poets. According to the Pavlov theories, this is no more than natural.

Artistic, musical or acting ability must involve exceptional use on the part of the nerve cells which form the mind's only channels of communication with the outside world. An artist's eyes and optic nerves must be exceptionally good. A musician must have exceptionally perfect auditory nerves and ears. It is probable that the high quality of these special sense nerves is accompanied by an unusual activity of other nerves, so that the nerve cells of successful artists, actors, musicians and so on tend to rule their brain cells.

Extremes in the other direction are well known to students of mental disease, although most of these opposite extremes must be listed among the world's failures instead of the successes.

Paradoxical as it may seem, a too perfect control of things by the brain cells instead of the nerve cells does not mean unusual intelligence. Instead, Professor Pavlov's theories hold that it often means excessive dullness. In extreme instances it even means the kind of insanity in which the victim withdraws altogether from the world and pays no attention to anything around him. The brain cells apparently refuse to notice any kind of message from the nerve cells.

One important part of Professor Pavlov's theories is that he hopes to be able to cure these inert, aloof individuals by means of drugs which will stimulate the nerve cells and break down the aloof resistance of the too-dominant brain cells. On the other hand, he also hopes to use an opposite drug, able to stimulate the brain cells instead of the nerve cells, to treat the opposite kind of insanity in which the victims are so excitable that they cannot remain still an instant, either physically or mentally; the kind of insanity called mania.

Just what these drugs are expected to do and, indeed, the whole theory, is clear from the construction which anatomists have worked out for the nervous system of man, as well as of other higher animals such as the dogs, with which most of Professor Pavlov's experiments have been made. All over the surface of the body are millions of tiny nerve endings of the sense of touch and other senses, such as the senses of heat and cold. From these endings minute nerve fibers run, like tiny telegraph wires, to the bodies of nerve cells placed in the knots of nervous tissue called ganglia, one of which is the well-known solar plexus located underneath the skin of the abdomen.

These nerve cells in the ganglia form the first stopping place of a signal from one of the touch nerves, pain nerves or other nerves of sensation, but not the last one. From these ganglia other nerve fibers run to still other nerve centers in the spinal cord or in the lower part of the brain. Here a second set of nerve cells is located, but even these are not the final ones. Still another set of the tiny nerve-fiber wires runs from these cells into the brain itself and ultimately to the cells of the outer surface or rind of the brain, called the cortex. These cells of the brain cortex are the famous "little gray cells" which do all of the thinking of human beings or whatever thinking can be done by lower animals such as Professor Pavlov's experimental dogs.

This complex structure of human or animal nervous systems means that at least two sets of nerve cells must intervene before any sensation can reach the brain. Even in the eye, which is related to the brain more closely than any other sense, except perhaps the sense of smell, there are three sets of nerve cells between the rods and cones of the eye which are the organs that perceive light and the cells in the back part of the brain which make up the centers of vision.

In the eye all three sets of these nerve cells are contained in the nervous layer or retina at the back of the eyeball, but for the senses of touch and most other senses the intermediate nerve cells are scattered throughout the body, somewhere on the way from the original sense organ to the brain.

One important point which Professor Pavlov makes in advocating his theory is that no brain cell is able to have even the slightest contact with the outside world, except through the message service provided by the nerve cells. Nature has tucked the brain away inside the hard, bony case of the skull, which nothing but the most profound and dangerous shocks can affect at all. The little gray cells of the brain's cortex are really prisoners, locked up for life away from any sight, sound or touch of the outside world. They can know what goes on outside the skull only through the messages brought to them by their jailers and messengers, the body's multitude of nerve cells.

Ages ago in evolution, before any animal had anything corresponding to a brain, nerve cells did all the "thinking" that was done. It must have been a very excited thinking. If a jellyfish, for example, came in contact with something that threatened to eat or damage it, the nerve cells located in a ring around the jellyfish's living umbrella sprang instantly to life and ordered the umbrella to contract violently so that the jellyfish darted away.

Artist Charles Girod's unusual drawing reproduced on this page depicts what might be called a kind of human jellyfish, whose nerves are so active and on edge that even slight surrounding stimuli seem to him like overpowering shouts or explosions. People who jump if they are touched suddenly or who fidget about continually if they are unoccupied and cannot sit down calmly and quietly are other examples of this ancient habit of the jellyfish nerves to respond instantly and violently to anything that happens around them.

That kind of thing is still the habit, and the duty, of the nerve cells. They get excited and try to cause movements of one kind or another in the body. In one kind of insanity in which the nerves cells apparently escape altogether from the usual control by the brain cells, the whole body twitches and twists violently for all the world like a primitive jellyfish trying to escape from an enemy. Further evolution beyond that stage has not consisted in improvement of the nerve cells but in giving them more equable and less excitable bosses in the form of the brain cells.

The result is a system built on the principle so often used in Nature, as it is in the Constitution of the United States, the principle of checks and balances. The nerve cells are striving continually to make the body pay attention to what is going on outside. If they were left alone, the body would be running madly this way and that, quivering and twitching in every muscle and otherwise behaving, as the saying is, "like a madman."

Healthy life depends on controlling this over-activity of the nerve cells, which is what the hidden gray cells of the brain's cortex are supposed to do. They are the check and balance on the over-active nerve cells, just as the United States Supreme Court was designed by the makers of the Constitution to act as a check and balance on the possible exuberance of Congress and the Executive.

Theoretically, either side of this check and balance system may become too powerful. If Congress runs away with the Supreme Court, the government may try too many weird experiments and may become more radical than the citizens desire.

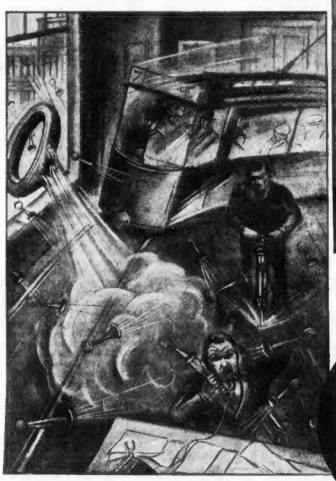
On the other hand, if the Supreme Court acquires too much power over Congress and the Executive, the government might degenerate into a stagnation in which nothing new was tried at all. The effort of the wise designers of the Constitution was to avoid both of these opposite dangers by providing a system somewhat responsive to changes of public opinion, but not so responsive that it would run away with sanity.

Professor Pavlov's theory ascribes to Nature an almost exactly similar intention. It is the business of the nerve cells to be extremely responsive to what is going on outside. It is the business of the brain cells to act as a check on this, but not too severe a check, so that a balance is maintained.

Professor Pavlov and his associates among Russian experts in the treatment of mental diseases expect, also, that the theory will provide more than an interesting explanation of why some people happen to be too excitable and high-strung, while other people are too dull and unresponsive. It is expected that the theory will lead to ways of treating both of these conditions, so that unbalanced individuals may be brought back to proper balance. Even some kinds of actual insanity may be cured, it is believed.

Sarah Bernhardt, Whose Nerves Controlled Her at the Expense of Her Brain All Her Life or She Would Not Have Dragged Around Her Coffin, Which She Slept In, as This Photograph Shows.

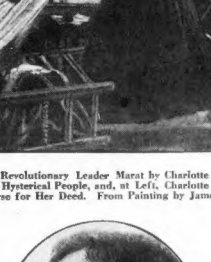
A Perfect Example of Prof. Pavlov's Two Types in Babyhood. At Left, the Little Girl in a "Tantrum," With Legs Kicking Out, Arms Upraised and Face Convulsed and, Beside Her, Her Little Brother, Whose Nerves Are Not Ruling Him at All, and Who Views His Sister's Antics With "Brainy" Amusement.



The Nerve-Controlled Person Exaggerates Everything and the Ordinary Noises of a City Appear to Him as Shown by the Distinguished German Artist, Charles Girod, in This Odd Drawing.

The Assassination of the French Revolutionary Leader Marat by Charlotte Corday—Another Example of the Two Types. At Right, the Nerve-Driven, Hysterical People, and, at Left, Charlotte Coolly Contemplating Them With No Remorse for Her Deed. From Painting by James Weerts.

The Late President Taft Was Easily Moved to Hearty Laughter, and This Is Normal and an Indication of Well-Balanced Nerves Which the Brain Dominates.



The Late President Roosevelt, on the Other Hand, Was of the Excitable Type, Over Whose Nerve Cells the Brain Cells Did Not Always Have Domination.

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Slit One Wife's Throat, So No. 2 Flees As He Whets Knife

MURIEL CRANDALL CLIFF, pretty Boston stage and night-club dancer, knew before she married him that her prospective husband had slit the throat of his first wife with a long sharp knife in a fit of jealous rage, and had been convicted of manslaughter. Women in love, however, seem to be very forgetful ladies that, so the young dancer said yes, and the couple were married.

Their marital adventure ended in the Boston divorce courts the other day. The dancer said she could stand almost anything. But when her husband got into the habit of taking a paring knife from the kitchen and honing it against a stone, crooning tunelessly to the rhythm of his knife strokes:

"It won't be long now, it won't be long now—she'll go the way the other one did . . . it won't be long now"—that was too much.

Even love couldn't be expected to overlook that blood-chilling chant, Mrs. Cliff complained, particularly in light of what had been.

Warren Cliff, her husband, was engaged with his father in the construction business in Quincy, Mass., when he met his first wife, Betty Babbitt Cliff, then only 18 years old. They were married, but the girl left her husband because he was jealous. They were reconciled, but parted again. Their romance came to a tragic end on the boardwalk at Atlantic City, N. J., in January, 1929.

It was early in the evening, and strollers on the boardwalk heard Cliff arguing with his wife in an effort to get her to return to him again. The girl refused. Passersby heard the husband, then a man of 28, declare:

"If I can't have you, then no one shall."

And the passersby saw Cliff draw a knife from his pocket and draw its sharp edge across his wife's neck. The girl sank moaning to the ground. The young husband stood for a moment, staring down at her, and then plunged the knife into his own throat. His second cut was not well aimed and missed his jugular vein. Cliff recovered, but his wife died. The husband was arrested, tried for manslaughter and found guilty. He was sentenced to an indeterminate term in a New Jersey reformatory.

The term proved short. Cliff was released on parole in 1930 and returned to Massachusetts. A few months later he met the dancer, who was then only 20, and the two fell in love. Cliff told his new sweetheart of his past marriage. He also mentioned to her that he had killed his first wife with a knife. But Muriel Crandall was in love, and willing to take the chance of marrying him.

They were married in 1931, and for a few months

"It won't be long now—she'll go the way the other one went," Chanted the Husband as He Rhythmically Drew His Knife To and Fro Over a Whetstone. It Was Too Much for the Bride, Who Fled and Sought a Divorce.

were happy. Then Cliff's jealousy caused trouble between them, just as it had in his first venture into matrimony. The dancer had continued her career after marriage and it was natural, she maintained, that she should come in contact with men. She had to be reasonably nice to certain of them, because her job and advancement in her work depended upon them, she explained.

Cliff couldn't be convinced, however. At first their spats lasted only a short time, and were verbal, terminating in mutual forgiveness and a happy ending. But as time passed the arguments became more bitter and lasted longer. The dancer told the court that she began to wonder whether she had been wise to marry this man who already had killed one wife.

There came a day when the argument between them had been more violent than usual, she testified, and her husband walked to the kitchen table, pulled open a drawer and drew out a thin-bladed paring knife. In another drawer he secured a whetstone, and while his wife stared at him, he drew the knife across the stone and back, across and back, across and back, with a monotonously rythmical stroke, and chanted:

"It won't be long now, it won't be long now . . . she'll go the way the other one did . . . it won't be long now."

She was convinced then, Mrs. Cliff told the court, that her marriage to a man who had cut one wife's throat was a mistake. She sued for divorce, and the divorce was granted on the day before Christmas in 1932.

But Muriel was still in love with her husband. She still felt that she could live happily with him if only he would stop being jealous, and if he would promise never to repeat the episode of the knife and whetstone. The couple met after she had obtained her divorce. They became sweethearts again, and in April, a little more than three months after she had received the divorce, the dancer went into court again, this time to ask that the decree be set aside. "We have made up," she said, "and we are so happy."

That happiness lasted six weeks. Once again Cliff became jealous of the men that his wife met in her work. During one domestic struggle he choked and beat her, the dancer testified. And once more he walked to the kitchen table, drew that thin-bladed knife from the drawer, and whetted its blade. Once again, his frightened wife says, she heard that eerie chant:

"It won't be long now . . . it won't be long now . . . she'll go the way the other one did . . . it won't be long now . . ."

Muriel stayed just long enough to pack a few clothes and then left to seek the safety of her mother's home. She meant to file a new suit for divorce immediately, but delayed when Boston police received a warrant from New Jersey authorities seeking her husband's return to that State on a charge of violating his parole. Cliff was arrested and returned to New Jersey, but his trouble with the parole officers there was smoothed out and he went back to Boston.

When the dancer heard that her husband had returned, she delayed no longer, but filed her second suit. "And this time I mean it," she told court officials. "My nerves are so bad that I can hardly dance. Why, when I go to bed at night I dream I see a man standing with a huge knife and a monstrous whetstone, and as he draws the knife back and forth across the stone, I can hear him croon:

"It won't be long now . . . it won't be long now . . . she'll go the way the other one did . . . she'll go the way the other one did . . . it won't be long now . . ."

The judge who listened to her story agreed with the dancer's complaint, and granted the divorce.

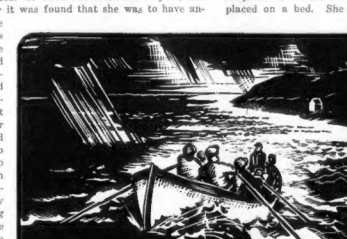
Twins Born On Different Days On Islands Miles Apart

TWO babies were born in the Outer Hebrides, a little group of islands off the wild West coast of Scotland, the other day. They were twins, but one was born on Saturday, and the second was born on Monday. One was born in a house on the island of Scarpay and the other was born in a hospital, on the island of Harris, nearly fifty miles away. One was born in the county of Inverness, and the second was born in the county of Ross and Cromarty.

The story of the unusual twins was revealed in London by T. B. Ramsay, a member of the British Parliament, who used their birth as an example during a plea for the establishment of a medical station on the Island of Scarpay, the construction of a pier to aid boatmen, and the building of better roads in the Hebrides.

Mrs. James McLennan, who with her husband lives on the Island of Scarpay, was to have a baby. There are no doctors on the island, so when the time arrived for the birth of the child, the Scottish mother was attended by an untrained midwife. The midwife was 86 years old. She had been present at the birth of many children on the island, but never had she been called on a case that was to prove so unusual as this one.

Late one Saturday evening, Mrs. McLennan gave birth to a child. Yet after its birth she remained in pain, and several hours later it was found that she was to have another baby. The midwife was frightened and the woman's husband was frantic. McLennan realized that his wife needed a doctor. Yet the nearest doctor was on the Island of Harris, and to make the trip across the rough water that stretches between Scarpay and Harris, during the night, would be so dangerous as to be almost foolhardy. Yet the husband would have gone. Others persuaded him to wait until daylight.



The Doctor, the Nurse and the Suffering Mother, Carried on a Stretcher, Went Back to the Boat, and the Oarsmen Again Crossed the Heaving Channel. It Seemed for a Time That Her Second Child Would Be Born in That Plunging Craft.

When the sun came up, McLennan, accompanied by a fair share of the population of Scarpay, was standing on the shore of the island, facing toward Harris. The second baby had not yet been born, but his wife was still suffering intensely.

The inhabitants of Scarpay and Harris have, for years, utilized a system of signalling by flags for communication between the two islands at a point where Scarpay is only a few miles distant from the much larger island of Harris. A flagman on the Island of Scarpay spelled out the strange story of Mrs. McLennan and her twins. He asked that a doctor be sent immediately. The flagman on Harris hurried to a telephone station, and called a doctor who lived in a village some fifteen miles away.

An hour or so later, the doctor, accompanied by a trained nurse arrived at the beach. The flagman on Scarpay signalled that the second baby had not yet been born. A high sea was still running between the islands, but the residents of the Outer Hebrides are boatmen. Four of them volunteered to carry the doctor and nurse across the channel in a row-boat.

While the people of Scarpay, including the worried father, looked on, the skilled oarsmen negotiated the passage. The doctor and the nurse hurried to the McLennan home. Mrs. McLennan, her face drawn with pain, was in serious condition. It was thought possible that an operation might have to be performed to save her life. But there were no facilities available on the Island for such an operation.

There seemed only one thing to do. The doctor, the nurse, and the suffering mother, carried in a stretcher, went back to the boat. The same four oarsmen who had crossed the channel a few minutes before, made the return trip. Once, as the little boat plunged down into the trough between two waves, Mrs. McLennan shrieked with pain. It seemed, for a moment, that her second child might be born in that plunging boat. But the courageous woman gritted her teeth, and the passage was completed.

Once on shore, she was taken to the doctor's home, in an automobile, part of the journey being made over an uncompleted road. The car rattled and jolted across the country. Mrs. McLennan was almost unconscious when they reached the village where the doctor lived. There was no hospital there, but the medical man took the unfortunate woman into his own home. Hours passed, but the second child was not born.

Fearing that his patient's life was in danger, the doctor decided to chance a second trip, in an automobile, from the village where he lived to the town of Stornoway, 30 miles distant. There was a hospital there.

Once again this mother who had given birth to one child a little more than twenty-four hours before, was placed in a motor car, and the race against death went into its second lap. Over more bad roads, that shook the automobile almost as much as the waves had tossed the row-boat, Mrs. McLennan made the trip to Stornoway.

She fainted as the machine pulled up in front of the hospital. Stretcher bearers carried her inside, and she was placed on a bed. She returned to consciousness to find several doctors and nurses standing at her bedside. They were trying to decide whether to attempt an operation. After the agony the woman had passed through it was feared that the shock of the operation might kill her.

Word of the arrival at Stornoway was telephoned to the flagman on the beach opposite the village on the Island of Scarpay. His flag whipped out the message to the worried husband, who stood on the beach across the channel. McLennan had been unable to make the trip with his wife because the boat in which she had crossed the strip of water was not large enough to accommodate another passenger.

The anxious father signalled his thanks for the information, and walked wearily back to the house where women of the island were taking care of the first born of that unusual set of twins.

Meanwhile, in Stornoway, the doctors had decided against an operation. It appeared that the second child might be born naturally, and they believed it best to wait.

Forty-eight hours after the first child had been born in Scarpay, his twin brother greeted the world with a fervent wail, in the hospital at Stornoway, fifty miles away, on another island. His mother smiled wanly, as the nurse exhibited the tiny bit of humanity that had so nearly cost her her life. She was weak, and still torn by pain, but she would live. And both children would live.

Once again the hospital officials telephoned to the flagman opposite Scarpay. It was almost dusk, but across the waves that separate Harris and Scarpay, the signalman could see the form of the worried father, pacing the sandy beach. For the third time in two days, the signalman's flags waved out a message to the man on the opposite shore.

Dimly, above the roar of the surf, the signalman on Harris could hear the shouting of the assembled residents of Scarpay, who had abandoned their chores for two days, to congregate on the beach and await the message, spelled out with flags, that would tell whether the story of the birth of these twins would have a happy or a tragic ending.

Bride Quit Honeymoon For The Handsome Arab Sheik

A SINGLE glance from the black eyes of a man in a burnous in the passing crowd that throngs the native quarter of Oran, in Northern Africa, has shattered the romance of a honeymoon and left the young English bride in Algeria determined to marry an Arabian sheik while her broken-hearted French husband returned to Paris to reveal the odd ending of his marriage when he filed suit for divorce.

Fiction writers have long written of the romance of the desert, but a real-life experience added a twist to Pierre Benoit's honeymoon that not even a writer of imaginary tales would have been likely to attempt.

Benoit, a wealthy young Parisian, met his wife while on a visit to England nearly a year ago. They were introduced in London by mutual friends and when he returned to France they corresponded. After eight months the young man and young woman decided that they were in love, and a few weeks later the bride-to-be went to Paris and they were married.

The bride wanted to spend their honeymoon traveling in her native country of Devonshire, in England, but her husband proposed, instead of a trip through the quiet Devonshire countryside, a voyage to the colorful French Colonies in Northern Africa. His family had friends there. With pictures of a sea voyage and the romantic mysteries of Africa conjured up for her by her new husband, Mme. Benoit was easily persuaded to follow his suggestion.

The happy young couple sailed for Algeria and arrived at Oran. On their first day in the city they placed themselves in the hands of a picturesque Algerian guide and went to visit the native section of the city. The young couple were passing through a crowded bazaar when the brown eyes of the English bride met, by chance, the dark gaze of a handsome man in a white burnous who was passing slowly through the throng. Their gaze held. Black eyes peered into brown. Not a word passed between them, but Mme. Benoit later declared that love was born in that passing glance.

In his affidavit for divorce, Benoit said he noticed an immediate difference in his bride. She had been chatting gaily a few minutes before, but became quiet and seemed indifferent to further sight-seeing. The couple returned finally to their hotel. Benoit, unaware of the impending domestic disaster, believed his wife might be ill and suggested that she retire. Indeed, he said, she made excuses and left the room, saying she was going down to the lobby and wanted to be alone.

After an hour or more had passed and she had not returned, the husband also went down to the lobby. Mme. Benoit was not there. Several hours passed, and she did not come back. The young husband was frantic with worry. Oran is not the safest place for young women to roam unaccompanied through the streets. Benoit hurried to the police station and reported that his wife was missing.

The French police spread the alarm and started their search in the native quarter, in the belief that Mme. Benoit might have been kidnaped. They found her in a small hotel. Also registered in that hotel was one Sherif-al-Azal, an Arabian sheik. It was Sherif-al-Azal whose glance she had intercepted in the bazaar, Mme. Benoit admitted to her husband.

After leaving their hotel she had returned to the native quarter. "I knew he would be there," she told police. And he was. They had talked, and then Mme. Benoit had gone with the dark-skinned sheik to his hotel. That first glance had ended her love for her husband. The honeymoon was over, she said, and she wanted only to remain in Algeria until Benoit could return to Paris and obtain a divorce. Then she would marry her sheik.

So Benoit returned to Paris and filed his decree the other day.

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Mail Order Supply House For Criminals

SAUL TOMARKIN, of Montreal, was a modern business man. Canadian police say he was, in fact, somewhat ahead of his time. He was engaged in a flourishing mail-order business, supplying the tools of their trade to gunmen throughout the Dominion.

But Saul made one mistake. He decided to advertise. Instead of proving a business boon in his case the decision landed him in jail and wrecked the mail-order house of Tomarkin.

A few weeks ago the Toronto police department received a letter addressed to Gordon Urquard. The letter had been turned over to the police by the postal authorities, who didn't have Urquard's forwarding address, which was Kingston Penitentiary, Urquard having been convicted of bank robbery.

The Toronto police were willing to forward the communication to the bandit's new address, but opened it *first*, in compliance with an order establishing a censorship on all mail that goes into a penitentiary. The letter proved to be a mimeographed pamphlet inviting the bank robber to utilize the facilities of Tomarkin's mail order house.

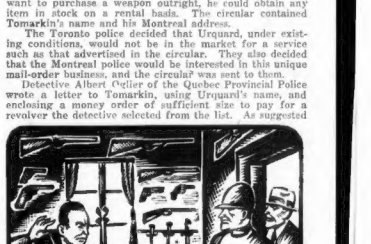
The circular listed rifles, revolvers, pistols, shotguns (both the ordinary varieties and sawed-off ones), blackjacks, axes and daggers. It pointed out the desirability, to professional gunmen in particular, of owning a weapon from which the serial number had been either removed or rendered untraceable.

"The above items can be shipped on approval, and I will take other guns, rifles, revolvers, cameras, binoculars, etc., in trade," the circular stated. "In advising what you have, please give a detailed description of same," the pamphlet continued, and suggested that the prospective customer, in ordering from the list, make a second choice in the event the particular weapon he chose had been sold when his order arrived.

Tomarkin also revealed that if the customer did not want to purchase a weapon outright, he could obtain any item in stock on a rental basis. The circular contained Tomarkin's name and his Montreal address.

The Toronto police decided that Urquard, under existing conditions, would not be in the market for a service such as that advertised in the circular. They also decided that the Montreal police would be interested in this unique mail-order business, and the circular was sent to them.

Detective Albert Ogller of the Quebec Provincial Police wrote a letter to Tomarkin, using Urquard's name, and enclosing a money order of sufficient size to pay for a revolver the detective selected from the list. As suggested



The Mail-Order Salesman Assembled His Stock From Secret Panels and From Beneath Mattresses, and With the Antique Armament on the Walls It Gave the Room the Semblance of an Arsenal. And Then the Police Arrested Him.

in the pamphlet, the detective also named a second choice, in event the first named gun had been sold.

Within a few days the detective received his mail-order revolver, a murderous weapon of large calibre. It was so large that the detective decided he might like a gun a little smaller, and he went to Tomarkin's address, which proved to be a home in Outremont, a Montreal suburb.

Tomarkin met him at the door, and the detective, using the name Urquard, told the business man that the gun he had received was so large that it didn't fit in his pocket, and asked if he might exchange it for another, equally lethal, but not so ponderous.

"The customer is always right," responded Tomarkin, and invited the officer into his home so that he could make his choice of weapons. The mail-order salesman assembled his stock from beneath mattresses, holes in the wall, the upholstery of a davenport, dark recesses in the basement, and from other places around the house. There were also samples of antique weapons hung on the walls.

"The place looked like a hardware store, or an arsenal, when he had finished," Detective Oglier said later. The police officer selected a smaller revolver from the collection, returned the gun he had originally purchased, and left.

A few minutes later a squad of detectives surrounded the house, broke in, and arrested Tomarkin. The police spent nearly three hours searching the place. When they had completed their hunt they had found a score of revolvers, nine automatic pistols, eleven rifles, seven standard shotguns of various gauges, nine sawed-off shotguns, fourteen blackjacks, a half dozen axes, and seventeen daggers. They also located an unopened carton containing a dozen tear-gas pistols of the fountain pen type, and 1,000 boxes of cartridges.

Tomarkin insisted that the guns were all a part of his collection of unusual armament, and there was nothing criminal in connection with his ownership of this arsenal. The detectives were willing to agree with him that his collection was unusual, but they held also that it was criminal, and Tomarkin was taken to jail, charged with supplying criminals with deadly weapons, selling guns without a license, and three other related offenses. The arrested man still contended that the guns were part of an armament collection, but he was stumped when detectives asked him why he kept his collection scattered beneath mattresses, in concealed panels in the walls, and other unusual places. He also found it difficult to explain the 500 mimeographed circulars, similar to the one sent to the bank robber, Urquard, which were found in the house.

The magistrate before whom Tomarkin appeared for preliminary hearing agreed with the police that Tomarkin's collection was unusual, but not innocent, and the mail-order salesman was held for trial, without bail—the illegal sale of deadly weapons being considered a much more serious offense in Canada than it is in the United States.

Detectives meanwhile investigated Tomarkin's business and his past and came to the conclusion that he had sold guns on a nationwide scale to a number of the most dangerous criminals in Canada. They also discovered that the arrested man was a fancier and collector of unusual guns and owned a number of rare specimens of early firearms.

They found also that he was a crack shot himself, and a member of a well known Montreal rifle team, and that three weeks before his arrest he had engaged with his team in a competitive exhibition of rifle shooting against the Montreal police team. Police, it seemed, were bad medicine for Tomarkin, as records on the match showed that he was badly beaten.

Hitch-Hiking Romance of the College President's Daughter

Rich and Fashionable Miss Virginia Gets "Tired of It All," Walks Off the Expensive "Dude Ranch" With a Toothbrush and $20, Eludes a Small Army of Searching Government Sleuths and Turns Up Married to a Hitch-Hiking Prizefighter She Ran Across on the Road

Dr. Thomas Sovereign Gates, President of the University of Pennsylvania and Father of Hitch-Hiking Virginia; and the Administration Building of the University, Where He Has His Offices.

ONE of the most distressing problems of the depression was the appearance of the girl tramp, in men's clothes, hitch-hiking along the highways and even riding freight trains, in unchaperoned association with honest unemployed men as well as tramps, criminals and other vicious characters.

Most anything could happen to these unfortunates and, from police and medical records, apparently most everything undesirable did happen to them. Nobody doubted that any of these pathetic figures would gladly have changed her wretched existence to become the heiress daughter of a very rich man, born into the highest social circles. Of course, such a miraculous climb from the unhappiest to the happiest condition was impossible.

Common sense also said that it would be almost equally impossible for an heiress to throw away all the things most women desire and deliberately become a penniless "lady hobo." Yet exactly that thing happened in real life.

On the tenth of last August, Virginia Ewing Gates, 22 years old, dressed in a pair of men's corduroy trousers, a man's shirt, leather boots with rubber soles, and a huge black sombrero which made her tall figure look like that of a man, quietly walked off the "dude ranch," run by Mr. and Mrs. John Dew, of Cora, Wyoming, and disappeared.

Virginia carried a tooth brush and $20 in the way of baggage and capital, but she did not bother to leave any note to relieve the anxiety of Mr. and Mrs. Dew nor of Dr. and Mrs. Rae whom her father had sent out from Philadelphia under the old-fashioned impression that young, unmarried women still need chaperones.

Virginia is the big and handsome daughter of Dr. Thomas Sovereign Gates, president of the University of Pennsylvania, a director of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, the Fidelity Philadelphia Trust Co., and a dozen other great corporations. Recently he resigned from membership in the banking firms of J. P. Morgan and of Drexel & Co. He is a very rich man of old and aristocratic family, so that his three children were born, not only "with a golden spoon in their mouths," but into the highest social circles. Dr. Gates is a learned and public-spirited man who gave up his profitable banking connections to devote his time to his college. It would be hard to find an American girl, surrounded with more advantages. What was the matter with her?

She now says that she was tired of the ranch and it seemed like a good idea at the time. A "dude ranch" is a fashionable place where people with leisure and money can gallop around in Wild West costume and "rough it" to the extent of drinking their champagne out of tin cups and other such agreeable hardships. When Miss Gates disappearance first became known to the public, it was said that she had been placed on the ranch by her father to forget a young man in Philadelphia of whom the family disapproved.

That at first seemed to explain everything. True love had made separation unendurable and no doubt she had started back to join her beloved. It was still a little bit peculiar that an heiress did not choose to travel in luxury by railroad or airplane, both of which sadly need every dollar they can get. Virginia was of age, and even if her father had refused to advance transportation money, the daughter of one of the country's best known millionaires knew she had only to reveal her identity in order to get credit for anything she needed.

However, young persons in love have done such irrational things that such very true love might account for this one preferring to "thumb" her way East rather than the more comfortable, sanitary and conventional methods of travel.

subsequent developments would indicate that the love, if any, was hardly enduring enough to be worth even writing free verse about.

Mr. and Mrs. Dew and the chaperones find Virginia's saddle horse in its stall and none of her effects missing except the clothes she had on, were alarmed and telegraphed the girl's father. Dr. Gates feared kidnaping at first, but when no ransom letter arrived, dreaded that his daughter had been attacked, made a prisoner or murdered.

Agonizing weeks passed, while Department of Justice operatives and local police the country over were set on the hunt. In spite of his distress the parent managed to keep the matter a secret until a Connecticut newspaper reporter, listening on his radio, overheard a Mr. Gates talking from the shore on the radio telephone to a Mrs. Gates on the incoming S. S. Bremen. He heard Mr. Gates say:

"I haven't heard a word from her yet but nothing has been made public. Government agents are working on the case. I have not told the servants except that she left to go East to New York. Your maid knows about it all, however."

As soon as it was discovered from a passenger list that Mrs. Thomas S. Gates was the only Mrs. Gates scheduled to be on the Bremen, newspapers everywhere picked up the item that Virginia Ewing Gates was missing and that the Federal authorities had been unable to locate her whereabouts.

Virginia's mother died a few years ago and this Mrs. Gates was her stepmother. Neither she nor anyone else in the family would give out any information. But the Department of Justice at Washington, D. C., admitted that Virginia had been missing for a month and that they had been trying to locate her ever since. They verified the news that she had disappeared and it was soon disclosed that she had left the John Dew "dude ranch," 36 miles northwest of Pinedale, Wyoming, on August 10. Federal authorities said they had no reason to believe she was kidnaped, since there had been no ransom notes or threatening letters.

Virginia Ewing Gates, Now Mrs. Daniel McCafferty, With Mr. McCafferty, Boxer, Wrestler, Cab-Driver and "Handy Man," Whom She Met and Loved While Both Were Hitch-Hiking.

Typical Camp of Tourists and Hitch-Hikers, Which Virginia Exchanged for the Luxuries of the "Dude Ranch."

It was Sheriff W. D. Helt, of Pinedale, Wyoming, who sounded the sweet note of romance, stating that he understood the young lady had been sent there to forget somebody.

"I believe," he said, "that she has gone to join that somebody, somewhere."

He was right; she had flown to the arms of love, except that the arms happened to belong to a stranger. There had been a new deal and the original lover had become the "forgotten man."

On September 15, Virginia turned up smiling, spotted by Chief of Police Tom Cribbens of Boise, Idaho. The heiress still had her toothbrush and all of her clothes except the sombrero which she had thrown away because it was too hot and the corduroy trousers which had been replaced by a pair of men's cotton slacks. Also the $20 was gone, but in place of these two missing assets, she had acquired a husband, Mr. Daniel McCafferty, 26 years old. He had no money either, nor any job, but a variety of talents including experience as prize-fighter, wrestler, taxi-driver, gardener and all-around handy man.

The chief suggested that since her family and friends were about crazy with anxiety, it would be considerate to call her father on the long distance at Philadelphia. Virginia, apparently, never worries and therefore did not see why anyone else should, but she had no objection. Dr. Gates had hardly finished talking with his daughter when reporters rang the bell. They asked who the son-in-law was and what he knew about the young man. With his head in both hands and the attitude of a man who has just acquired a new headache, Dr. Gates replied:

"What do you know about me? What do I know about you? What do we know about anybody?"

The heiress was charmingly vague in details of how she obtained food and shelter all that time on $20, but the pair together did give out a few facts. The newlyweds said that they had met three weeks before their wedding while they were both hitch-hiking. Miss Gates was then "thumbing" westward and McCafferty said he was just hiking here and there, wrestling and boxing a bit and working as opportunities offered themselves.

"I was not compelled to sleep in the open and did not go hungry," said the bride.

Virginia at the Time of Her Debut a Few Years Ago.

"We just met and started talking to each other," explained the groom.

"We are married and happy and are going to live in California," continued the bride.

"We were in Boise when we decided to get married," McCafferty went on. "So we hitch-hiked to Moscow, a distance of 300 miles, and were married there on September 12. Then we hitch-hiked back here. I didn't find out until then that Virginia was an heiress or that the police were looking for her. You don't ask personal questions like that on the road, but it would not have made any difference if I had known."

Spectators, however, thought they detected one little difference, because, while he was still speaking, Mrs. McCafferty came out of the telegraph offices with $250 which her father had just wired her. This very modern young wife then did a shockingly old-fashioned thing. She placed it all in her husband's hand. The husband gazed at it for a while, as if trying to remember when he had seen that much money before. Finally he gave it up and remarked: "Thanks!"

Asked if he had not hesitated at taking on the responsibilities of matrimony, when neither of them had a cent or prospects of a job, he replied:

"Why should I? We were both broke and what did we care? We might as well be broke together as singly. Any change must be for the better and love is supposed to find a way. What is more, it did."

The young optimist grinned as he stuffed the money into a pocket which bulged with the unfamiliar strain.

Virginia had not asked her father for money, but it seems that a score of other women had not been so modest. Between the time the papers revealed that the heiress was missing and the news that she had been found, some twenty feminine voices called Dr. Gates on the long distance, each saying that it was his little Virginia and to please telegraph some money in a hurry so she could explain.

Some were smart enough to speak in a hoarse voice, explaining that they had a dreadful cold. Still others stated that Virginia's cold was so bad that she could not speak above a whisper and that it was a lady friend talking for her. The college president has had considerable experience with bright young people and he disposed of these imposters in short order by asking some simple question which only his genuine daughter knew how to answer.

Both the newlyweds insist they want to be independent. They are going into the business of vegetable raising in California, but until this gets on a profitable basis, they are inclined to humor Dr. Gates by permitting him to force a couple of hundred dollars or so a month on them.

On their honeymoon trip to California, the first bad luck befell Virginia and her husband when their car collided head-on with another one, containing the family of F. R. Johnson of Sacramento. Mr. Johnson's little daughter, Ellen, aged seven, was fatally hurt, and all other passengers in both cars were injured. Virginia and McCafferty, however, only had sprained ankles and other minor hurts.

Nobody seems to know how or why Virginia developed her disdain for wealth and high society. Her brothers, Thomas Sovereign, Jr., and Jay Gibson Gates, grew up along traditional aristocratic lines and seemed to like it. Tom, after graduating from University of Pennsylvania in 1928, married a girl of fashionable society, Millicent A. Brengle.

Virginia made her debut in 1930 when she was 18 at a large tea given by her parents. She wore a lovely gown of pale blue lace with silver thread design, silver slippers and orchids. Her stepmother wore a gown of wine-colored velvet trimmed with ecru lace and carried a corsage of yellow orchids. The tea was followed by a gay dinner-dance and Virginia, looking fairly cheerful, seemed launched on her natural career as a popular debutante.

But the society reporters never heard much about the activities of young Virginia Gates after that. There were no rumors of her engagement to this or that eligible swain and she did not figure in the outstanding charity or sport events of the social season. People thought there was nothing strange about this. As the daughter of a college president, no doubt she was preparing herself for higher things than the life of a social butterfly and taking plenty of time to pick a worthy husband. But nobody supposed she would pick one shuffling along the road and that her life-career was to be shooting sprays at bugs.

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The First Women Fliers

Interesting Old Prints That Show the Real Pioneer Women of the Air a Century and More Before Amelia Earhart and Mrs. Lindbergh

Mrs. Blanchard, of England, in the Peculiar Looking Car of Her Balloon—One of the Earliest Women Air Pioneers.

Madame Garnerin Dashed Against a Roof in Paris by Her Flaming Balloon. She Escaped With Her Life, but Madame Blanchard, Her Rival, Was Killed in an Identically Similar Accident in 1819, Four Years Later.

The First Ascent of a Woman in England, in 1785. Mrs. Sage With the Italian Balloonist Lunardi and the English Aeronaut, Mr. Biggin.

ANNE LINDBERGH flies across the Atlantic with her famous husband. Amelia Earhart spends most of her time in an airplane and has a transatlantic flight to her credit. Ruth Elder discovered that the ocean was very big and very wet when the plane in which she and a companion were attempting to fly to Europe was forced down en route. Fortunately for Miss Elder and her companion, a steamer was at the spot where they landed, and the crew rescued the freshly dunked aviators. Besides these three who have made newspaper headlines, there are scores, probably hundreds of women pilots in the United States today.

But a century before any of them were born, a century before there was such a contraption as an airplane, back in the days when the Revolutionary War was still news, there were lady fliers.

Fraulein Reichardt, the First German Woman Balloonist.

They flew in balloons—great unwieldy bags filled with hydrogen or hot air whose speed was problematical, whose destination was uncertain, and which were of little practical use. But the cumbersome bags offered plenty of thrills to the daring few who defied the laws of gravity to play tag with the clouds.

The records give the honor of being the first woman flier—if the mythological goddesses of ancient times, who weren't mortal anyway, are left out—to a Madame Thible, who ascended in a balloon at Lyons, France, on June 4, 1784. The lady, who performed the stunt for the amusement of the French court and of King Gustavus of Sweden, who was visiting the French Royalty at the time, flew a balloon built by the brothers Montgolfier, who were the Wrights of the period.

Her balloon was one of the most dangerous types ever used—a fire balloon, in which a wood-burning stove was suspended between the flimsy basket and the open mouth of the bag, to supply hot air, which gave the affair its lifting power. It also gave it a very excellent chance of crashing to the earth in flames, and besides doing whatever it is that balloonists have to do while they are drifting above the earth, Madame Thible had to keep the fire going, or else!

There were flying families in those days, too, just as the Lindberghs of today. When the Colonel was wooing his bride while her father was Ambassador to Mexico, the newspapers ran many columns about their "air romance."

The first air romance on record involved one Garnerin, a French balloonist, and a beautiful Russian girl who was the world's first woman parachute jumper. Garnerin was an ace of the time, his greatest rival being an Englishman named Blanchard. For a time the pair were about even, as far as public acclaim went, and then Mrs. Blanchard, having watched her husband ascend and land many times in safety, decided to take up the business herself. The idea of a husband and wife making a flying team, appealed to the public, and Garnerin lost out, rapidly.

The Frenchman, reasoning directly to the point, decided he needed a woman teammate, but finding one was a different proposition. He finally heard of the Russian girl, who had ascended in a balloon at St. Petersburg to an altitude of 3,000 feet above the ground, and then leaped from the craft, to drift to earth in a parachute. Garnerin hustled to Russia and saw the girl fly. Recently the newspapers have given much space to the daredevils who have set remarkable records for delayed parachute jumps. That is, they leaped from a plane high in the air, and then plunged several thousand feet through space before they pulled the rip cord that opened their parachutes and allowed them to land safely. The Russian girl was the originator of the delayed jump. She would leap from her balloon, allow herself to drop several hundred feet, and then open her parachute. Incidentally she never revealed to the crowd that she was doing this stunt, and always they gasped in horror as they saw her body plunge earthward, in the belief that something had gone wrong, and that they were about to be witnesses at a tragedy. There was something of the same thing in this woman flier of the Eighteenth Century that made P. T. Barnum greatest showman the world has ever known.

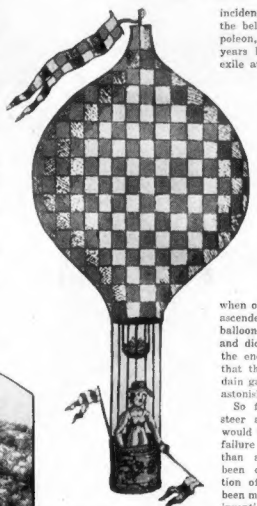
Garnerin saw her make one flight, and a parachute leap, and signed her up as a teammate. Their business association soon became a personal one, too, and they were married.

The newlyweds went back to the scene of the groom's former triumphs, and soon again he was neck-and-neck in public esteem with the flying Blanchards. The rivalry between them was tremendous, and they sought to outdo each other in daring. This almost proved fatal for Madame Garnerin, whose balloon caught fire one day, and dashed her against a house top in the Montmartre district of Paris. She was injured but recovered, and went on with her flying.

Blanchard died a natural death, an unusual thing for a balloonist, in 1809, and his wife continued as a flier. In 1817 her balloon became deflated in the air, and dropped her into a deep swamp. Fortunately a number of peasants had seen her descend, and made their way through the swamp in time to rescue her before she drowned.

Undaunted, she continued her flying, until July 6, 1819 when, grown foolhardy, through her long success, she decided to attempt a stunt that never before had been done. She took off from the ground in a hydrogen-filled balloon to give Paris a thrill by setting off a display of fireworks high in the air. Hydrogen is one of the most explosive gases known. Fire of any sort around a hydrogen balloon presents a terrible danger. Yet Mrs. Blanchard went ahead with her stunt. She fired a half dozen rockets, safely, and then one went awry in its flight, and struck the bag of hydrogen above her. There was a flash, and the shattered balloon and the woman who flew it crashed to the earth. Strangely enough, she landed on a house top in Montmartre, less than a hundred feet away from where Madame Garnerin had fallen several years before. But unlike her rival, Mrs. Blanchard lost her life.

Madame Thible, the First Woman Balloonist of Any Country Practicing With the Forerunner of the Modern Glider. And Above, Madame Garnerin Making the First Parachute Descent Ever Attempted by a Woman. The Balloon Is Shown at the Left Toward the Top.



Quaint Old Print of Frau Bittorf in a Montgolfier Balloon Signalling With Two Flags, at Augsburg.

Blanchard, incidentally, was the first man to attempt an over-water flight. A number of balloonists had been driven out to sea by the winds, willy-nilly, and were never heard from again, but Blanchard deliberately flew across the English Channel on January 7, 1785, with a Dr. Jefferies, who was an American, as a passenger. The flight was successful, Blanchard taking off in France and allowing the winds to push him across the channel to England, where he landed safely.

It was Blanchard too, who first conceived the idea of using a rudder on a balloon as an effort to guide its flight. He built a queer contraption, consisting of a balloon with wings and rudder fastened onto the car below it. He took off in Paris to test the invention, with a Benedictine monk as a passenger. The balloon rose some fifteen feet in the air and the crowd below saw the white-faced monk cross himself and count his beads. Suddenly the craft hinged earthward, a leak having developed in the bag. Blanchard repaired the leak and then made ready for another take-off, but his passenger was nowhere around. One trip had been enough for the monk. At that moment a young army officer dashed through the crowd and demanded to be taken aboard. When Blanchard refused his request the officer drew a sword and slashed the balloonist's wrist before he could be overpowered. Despite the sword cut, and the accident, Blanchard took off, only to learn that his invention was a failure, and that his balloon drifted at the command of the winds, just as it had before.

In connection with the army officer incident, it was believed for years that the belligerent young soldier was Napoleon, but he denied the story many years later, during the period of his exile at St. Helena.

Napoleon did, however, take a great interest in balloons. He quickly recognized their value in military work, and a school was opened at Meudon, France, where captive balloons, attached to a cable that worked on a windlass, were reeled some five or six hundred feet into the air, where students learned the art of observation. Exactly the same device was used by Twentieth Century army strategists during the World War.

First actual military use of a balloon occurred in 1794, when one Coutelle, an army balloonist, ascended in the Entreprenant, a war balloon, during the battle of Fleurus, and did such a good job of observing the enemy's defenses and weaknesses that the French under General Jourdain gained an easy victory over their astonished Austrian foes.

So far as Blanchard's attempt to steer a balloon was concerned, he would not have felt so badly about his failure had he known that after more than a century no way has yet been devised to control the direction of the bags. Little change has been made in round balloons since their invention.

In addition to being the first parachute jumper, Madame Garnerin might also claim to have been the first glider enthusiast, as, in dropping in her 'chute, she learned that she could, by manipulating both the 'chute and her body, control its direction of drift so as to land at almost any selected spot, within her gliding range.

The honor of being the first German woman flier went to Fraulein Reichardt, who was a famous balloonist in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. She was said to have been one of the most skilful of all the women fliers of that period, and was noted for her daring. Frau Bittorf was another early German "bird-woman."

The first woman to attempt a balloon flight in England was a Mrs. Sage, who went up with the Italian balloonist Lunardi, and the English aeronaut, Biggin, in 1785.

Other women throughout Europe followed these early pioneers in the field of aviation. Some became famous, some lost their lives, others abandoned their air careers after one or two flights. Women's place was supposed to be in the home in those days, and only the most air-minded of husbands would think of allowing his wife to attempt a flight.

Even the women themselves had some doubt of the propriety of soaring above the earth in balloons if the following letter, written by an English girl, who had made one ascent, is any indication:

"The idea that I was daring enough to push myself, as I may say, before my time, into the presence of the Deity inclines me to a species of terror."

Just going up in one of the flimsy balloons of the early days would incline most of the world's pilots, either men or women, of today "to a species of terror."

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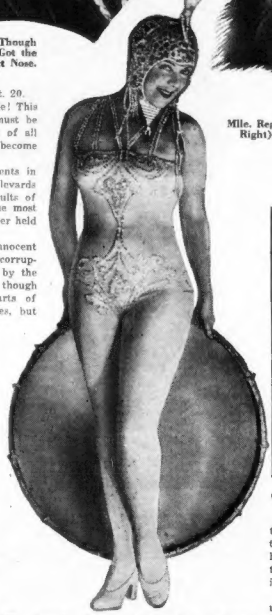
Paris All Upset Over Its "Perfect Nose" Contest

Latest Competition Opens the Way to So Many Projected Rivalries Taking in So Many Points of Feminine Anatomies That the Authorities Call a Halt

Mlle. Huguette Verlyse, Who, Though Much Older Than Her Rivals, Got the First Prize for the Most Perfect Nose.

Mlle. Regine Orton With Her Fourth Prize Nose, and (at the Right) Beatrix of the Folies Bergere, Whose Nose Won Third Place in the Contest.



Mlle. Spinelly, Whose Nose Is Not Numbered Among Her Strong Points of Beauty, and Who Did Not Enter the Contest, Therefore, Although Asked.

One of the Many Satirical Cartoons in the French Papers Following the Nose Contest. This One Suggests a Contest for the Most Perfect Fat Woman.

Cecile Sorel, the Famous French Actress, Whose Nose Has Recently Been Remodeled, and Was Therefore Declared Ineligible to Become a Contestant.

Mlle. Michele Beryl With Her Second Best Nose, Which So Many Thought Should Have Been Declared First Best.

PARIS, Oct. 20.

"EXECRABLE! Abominable! This so demoralizing idea must be erased from the minds of all unbeautiful women before they become insufferable prima donnas."

Such are the excited comments in the press and on the boulevards aroused by the unforeseen results of what every one agreed was the most proper and innocent contest ever held in this city.

The contest was not only innocent but honest. The upright and incorruptible judges were not vamped by the young professional beauties, though some of these were sweethearts of powerful government dignitaries, but instead selected as winner out of 300 contestants Mademoiselle Huguette Verlyse, 59-year-old society woman and writer.

When the papers printed the picture of this estimable old maid, winner of that blameless contest, not even the most Puritanical person objected or prophesied any evil, yet in reality something had started that was to shock Paris, a thing that does not happen many times in a century.

The first symptom was noticed on the subway where numbers of not specially beautiful women sat with hands turned sideways and noses in the air. The men mildly wondered if they were being high-hatted or if the ladies smelt something unpleasant. It was an unimportant question but when the men got home some of them found wives, sisters, mothers or even grandmothers afflicted the same way, taking the side view attitude and speaking at right angles instead of facing them.

"Why this business?" asked the men and finally learned that the women wished them to notice that their profiles showed just about as fine noses as that of the nose champion. This was not so very important either, because not so very many women are in love with their own noses. But a new and awful principle had been introduced with disastrous results. Hitherto the whole world had accepted the artistic dictum that a woman is not beautiful unless the whole general effect of such parts of her anatomy as are revealed are harmoniously beautiful.

The idea that a nose could be worthy of notice though sticking out of an otherwise negligible face, had seemed as preposterous as that part of a bad egg might be good. If this new principle was true about noses, it must hold good for any other feature. Some irresponsible beauty expert exhorted women who had only one good feature to "Whistlerize" it by their makeup. Whistler's canvases, he said, emphasized some one point and the further the eye travelled from the point, the more sketchy the portrait became.

On this theory, if a Parisienne fancied her eyes, she made them up to the exclusion of all the rest of her countenance. Not only did she load the ends of the lashes with those alluring blobs, but she painted upper and lower lids from eyebrow to cheekbone, somewhat like those of a spectacled bear. But there was no rouge on the cheeks, no lipstick, nothing but a dull gray powder over the rest of the complexion.

On the other hand, if the lips were the thing, these were painted the most violent red to be bought, while all the rest of the face was made as inconspicuous as possible, blotted out with grey powder. If teeth were the redeeming feature, these were exposed, regardless of justification. The result was somewhat startling, especially at a distance. A block away, a woman's face would look as if some ghastly accident had obliterated all her features except her eyes. Behind her walked another woman, apparently a victim of the same catastrophe, a boiler explosion, perhaps, which had rubbed everything from her facial map, except her mouth. Further along would be a lady who seemingly had salvaged only a nose and another who came out of the wreck with only a pair of ears.

Ladies unable to find anything worth boasting about in the various features of their skulls, looked elsewhere and decided that their hands were the points to "Whistlerize." This they accomplished not by painting out the rest of their body but by keeping the hands in constant motion, like windmills. This, too, was endurable. When their men folk realized that all this sudden handflailing did not mean that the ladies had become drug-addicts, but merely that they wished every one to look at their lovely hands and nothing else, it was not so bad.

However, nobody became excited until the next step indicated where, with inexorable feminine logic, this principle was leading them. Many ladies, after studying themselves carefully, could find not a single presentable feature of those parts of the body which convention permits a modest woman to present to the public gaze. Yet private comparison with paintings and sculpture, confirmed by expert opinion of artists, convinced these ladies that some parts which only the bathtub is supposed to see were of exceptional artistic merit.

Was it fair that an old maid should get her picture in all the papers just because she had a fine nose when another lady, generally supposed to be 100 per cent homely, really possessed a stomach not unworthy of the Venus de Milo? In this radical age, where one woman is supposed to be as good as another or maybe as bad, this did not seem just.

When a "Most Beautiful Stomach Contest" was announced, press and public awoke with a start and began to fear the worst. It was discovered that plans were on foot for competitions to determine the most perfect backs, shoulders, feet, knees, elbows; in fact, that little, if anything, was to be left out.

Most everything goes in Paris but even here there is a limit and these exhibitionists have bumped into it. The newspapers ridiculed the idea, but that was not enough because some people had rather be ridiculed than not noticed at all. But they went further, letting the promoters of these proposed contests know that they would not be given a picture nor a line in any paper. That threat seems to have killed the whole idea.

It is doubtful if Paris will ever hold another nose championship. Besides its demoralizing affect on women with only one good point, artists protest that the idea is artistically absurd and should not be encouraged. They say that Mlle. Verlyse's nose belongs on a face like that of Dante, an old Roman Senator or a North American Indian, but on the countenance of a lady it is as out of place as a spade in a boudoir.

The competition, organized by M. Leo Poldes, of the Club du Faubourg, took place at the Langer Restaurant, in the Champs-Elysees, between five and seven in the evening—the time when patrons of this fashionable rendezvous are busy coloring their noses with cocktails and aperitifs. Mlle. Michele Beryl, the actress, carried off second honours with her finely carved Greek smeller, while the nasal ornament on the face of Mlle. Beatrix, Folies-Bergere dancer, was judged third best. Three hundred contestants (the "concours" was open to women only) displayed all sorts and conditions of nasal appendages—large, small, long, short, fleshy, pinched, straight, hooked, snub, pointed, flat, freckled, pale, painted, powdered, grave, gay, spirituel, noble and plebeian.

There were noses curved like a parrot's beak, "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," sharp as a pen, polished as a sword. Many were disfigured by convexity or concavity, yet their owners didn't seem to care. In fact, they acted as if proud of their physical defects.

Mlle. Andree Spinelly was conspicuous by her absence. It is said the actress kept away because of her "pert and offensive pug," which Becan has caricatured so cruelly. Mme. Cecile Sorel is said to have been declared ineligible because she recently had the size of her famous nose reduced by plastic surgery. Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, divorced wife of Sacha Guitry, was likewise missing. Critics, with inkstands in place of hearts, have compared her nose to a potato, and said she sings through it to make a living.

The judges chosen to "pick" the prettiest nose were the Countess of Gambs (mondaine and divorcee), Mlle. Givette Nill, Mme. Marcella Berger—wife of the sportsman who recently received the Legion of Honor ribbon—Paul Chack, commandant and novelist, and Jean de Letraz, dramatic author.

Having duly measured the "piffs" of the various competitors with a piece of tape, and deliberated upon their aesthetic qualities, the judges voted unanimously in favor of Mlle. Verlyse's aquiline nose. Here it might be stated that the aquiline nose has been held in high esteem from remotest antiquity.

In the judges' opinion, the rudder of Mlle. Verlyse's face was remarkable for its beauty of outline, its slender elegance, its unblemished whiteness of skin, its delicacy and distinction. The flesh was so fine that at the edge of the outline it allowed the light to pierce through. The nostrils, pink and palpitating, seemed full of the freshness of youth, though emerging from a visage that had passed the half-century mark.

Such a perfect nose besides its upkeep, is something of a handicap, Mlle. Verlyse needs glasses, but any style would mar that perfect line. She has to be very sparing with cocktails, burgundy and other reputed nose-reddeners and she takes care to avoid weeping.

Mlle. Michele Beryl, who lost the "premier prix" by a nose, is an actress hailing from Montparnasse, where she was born in 1910. Her "nez" is straight like those of Greek statues which have been treated as prodigious exaggerations of the facial angle.

Mlle. Beryl felt quite put out at Huguette's victory, especially as she had a friend among the judges, M. Jean de Letraz. The latter is known for his play, "Un Homme Exquis," but Michele thinks he failed to emulate the hero of this piece when he cast his vote for Mlle. Verlyse. She believes Edouard Herriot, the statesman, and Pierre Benoit, the novelist—both admirers of hers, would never have played her such a scurvy trick had they been judges.

The vedette has a grudge, too, against M. Paul Chack. Before giving his decision, he approached her, declaring her nose was simply ravishing. When she chided him for his flattery, he replied he always said what he thought. Nevertheless, after complimenting her, he voted for Michele's rival.

The third best nose, that of Mlle. Beatrix, a Belgian dancer at the Folies Bergere, seemed the biggest of all because what little there was to the rest of her face retreated abruptly in all directions. Yet measurements proved that it was rather smaller than the others. Artists commented that though Mlle. Regine Orthony, music-hall artiste, merely won fourth place in the competition, hers was the only nose that seemed to belong with the rest of her face.

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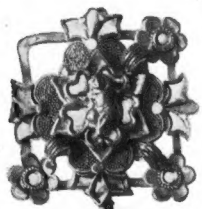
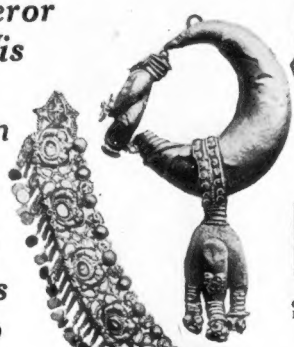
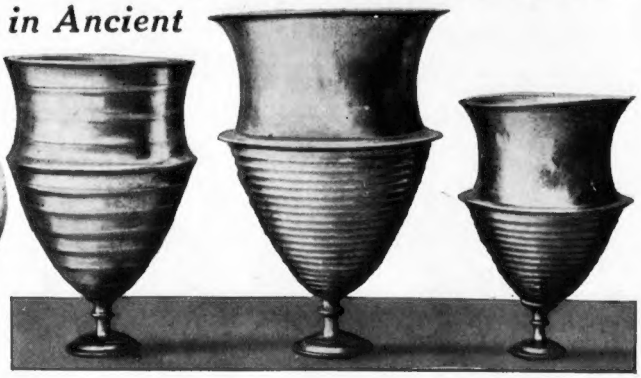
Where Alexander the Great Gave His Wildest Cocktail Parties

The Spades of Archeologists Digging in Ancient Taxila Turn Up Evidence of How the Great Conqueror Reveled With His Favorites in Truly Modern Fashion 2,000 Years Ago





On the Right—A Necklace From Taxila Which May Have Adorned the Neck of One of Alexander's Favorite Beauties.

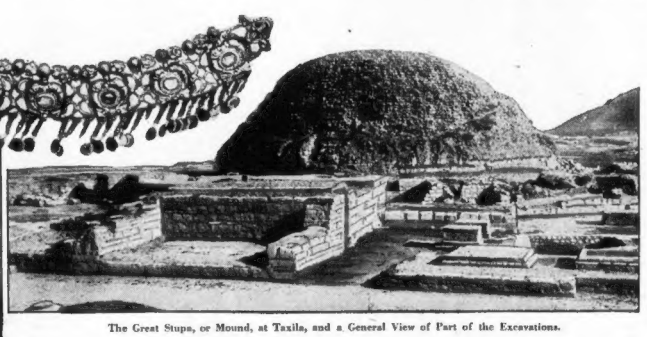


On the Left—A Golden Earring Found Among Other Treasures in the Ruined Palace of Taxila.

Silver Cups From Taxila From Which Alexander Himself May Have Drunk the Equivalent of the Cocktails and Highballs of Today. (Photos India State Railways).

An Elaborate Ear Ornament of Gold Which Was Worn by Some Noble Woman of Alexander's Time.

The End of Alexander the Great's Most Famous Cocktail Party Was When He Burned, at the Whim of the Courtesan Thais, the Magnificent Palace of Persepolis, the Capital of the Persians.



The Great Stupa, or Mound, at Taxila, and a General View of Part of the Excavations.

HOW much Alexander the Great, the conqueror of the world, was addicted to drink, and how far it contributed to his early death is an interesting question that is being debated by great experts.

There is evidence for and against his intemperance and now some new discoveries have strongly confirmed the theory that he was the greatest "whoopee" maker in history. The old historians say that he killed his best friend in a drunken debauch, that he indulged periodically in such parties, and that he died after an unparalleled ten-day orgy at Babylon. The story of his burning the royal palace at Persepolis in a drunken frenzy to please the pretty courtesan Thais has often been told. But in disproof of this it has been argued that burning the palace was only a symbolical act of conquest customary in those days and that he did not do much damage to the building, which was really his own.

It is also argued that Alexander could not have been hopelessly plunged in drink, for he continued to win unrivalled successes for eight years after this episode. But on the other hand it is reasoned that a man might get drunk frequently on pure wine, which was the strongest drink even a king could get in those days, without losing mental power.

There is an almost equally great mystery about the cause of Alexander's death, some attributing it to a slow poison and others to alcohol, and a modern author has advanced the surprising theory, which has received wide acceptance, that he was poisoned by his own mother. One or two of his wives are supposed to have assisted in the poisoning plot.

Now actual relics have been found in India indicating that Alexander indulged in a prolonged debauch months before his death in which he not only took wine in great quantities, but drugs, that he was vamped by a fascinating Oriental Queen who dared him to lead his army through a dangerous country, and that he died prematurely from exhaustion caused by this campaign and the drinking bouts, which have been flippantly referred to as "Alexander's cocktail parties."

These new discoveries have been made in the ruins of ancient Taxila, in the province of Punjab in northwestern India, which was the farthest important point Alexander reached in his famous voyage of conquest to India. The excavations are being carried on by the Royal Archeological Survey of India, under the direction of Sir John Marshall, Director General. In Alexander's time Taxila was the capital of King Taxiles, an Indian ally of Alexander's famed in history for helping him to overcome the Hindu Prince Porus in the sanguinary battle of Jehlum in 325 B. C., for the Macedonian leader made his surprising conquests in Asia by using the internal dissensions of the natives.

Among the ruins have been found stupas, or shrines, at which the Buddhist Bacchus was worshiped with appropriately wet ceremonies, and a queen's jewelry and sculptures, the latter indicating the nature of the wild rites that were performed here. One of the ancient historians used the mysterious expression that "Taxila began what Babylon finished," and this is now explained in the light of the new discoveries.

King Taxiles was, perhaps, a good friend of Alexander's, but he had a good-looking sister who used her wiles on the conqueror with great success. Her name was Cleophis, Queen of Massaga, a country now identified as a hundred miles northwest of Taxila, and about fifty miles due north of the present city of Peshawar. The old historian Diodorus Siculus remarked that Cleophis was the most "beauteous Queen east of the Sogdian Rock." This rock was already remarkable as the place where Alexander first really succumbed to the charms of a woman. It was here that he met the bewitching Roxana, a daughter of the Bokharan chieftain Oxyartes, whose capital Alexander captured when on the way to India.

Alexander had then been married a number of times and had all the concubines he needed, but he was remarkable for his self-control and independence of women and never allowed himself to fall under their sway. Roxana was the first woman who taught him the power of love. This is shown by the fact that in spite of the objections of his friends and followers he made her his legal wife, although she was only the daughter of an insignificant chieftain.

This love marriage was a happy one, but, unfortunately, Alexander again lost his heart when he met Queen Cleophis and this time the results were disastrous, because she was a "gold-digger." When he was carousing in her society she seized the occasion to suggest to him a series of errors which led to his ruin and death.

Chief among these was the disastrous march through the desert of Gedrosia, now identified as the Thar Desert in India, in which the flower of his army perished.

Cleophis had a son, supposed to have been Alexander's, and died at Taxila some time after the conqueror when his Indian domains had been divided up among his generals. It is believed that she was killed by an Indian rebel named Chandragupta-Maurya, who had risen against the system established by Alexander. She was buried with a large collection of jewelry, including many necklaces, ear pendants of great beauty, the jewelry of some of her ladies-in-waiting, possibly buried alive with her according to ancient custom, and, most interesting of all, a small carved neck pendant of gold, showing Alexander actually embracing her with warm affection.

Silver goblets and other relics prove that there was a wild debauch in which she and Alexander joined and which led to the wreck of his subsequent undertakings. It is known from other historical records that Alexander was then planning a punitive expedition against the King Xandrames, who had been a barber, which was never carried out. It is now known why he changed his plans. Cleophis did not want him to conquer Xandrames. She and her brother, Taxiles, were displeased by the recent reconciliation of Alexander with his former Hindu enemy, King Porus, and feared that his conquest of Xandrames' domains would end in their award to Porus, who was an old enemy of the wily Queen and her brother.

While Alexander was dallying in her arms, between cups she gave him all sorts of misleading information about the territories of Xandrames. She told him there was a desert, where there was no desert at all, that the Ganges at a certain point was "of width 32 stadia," or over three miles, when it was far less than that, and finally that Xandrames was a most dangerous and crafty general, when in fact he was only a coarse ruffian.

The Hindu soldiers in Alexander's army also made the situation difficult for him by refusing to march against Xandrames. Alexander was in such a difficult situation that he locked himself in his tent for three days, refusing to eat. Then he seems to have realized that Cleophis had been fooling him and ordered a general massacre of the Hindu mercenaries who had been loaned to him. Many of the camps which he occupied at this time have been identified.

After Alexander had discovered Cleophis' wiles, she threw off her pretense of love and resisted him with her Amazonian guards, all women six feet tall, who took the arms of the fallen mercenaries and fought against him. Alexander seems to have been touched by the valor of the beautiful Queen and it was then that he fell for her charms most heavily. For "she afterwards gave birth to a son who received the name Alexander, whoever his father may have been." Some of these facts are mentioned by ancient historians, but they have received new meaning and confirmation from the discoveries now made.

Sketch From a Crumbling Wall Painting at Taxila of Which There Is Some Evidence That It Represents Queen Cleophis, "Gold-digger" and Capable Drinker.

Alexander now decided to return to Greece and celebrated his departure and the reconciliation with Cleophis by great Bacchanalian festivity. This episode is mentioned by the noted Persian historian Abu Mohammed Bin Yusuf Bin Mu in his work, "Sikandr Nama E-Bara," or "Book of Alexander," written in 1200 A. D. and it receives confirmation from the drinking objects now exhumed at Taxila. The party lasted ten days and Alexander must have been a wreck afterwards.

The festivities were half in the Greek fashion and half in the Hindu fashion and it is easy to understand that the combination was deadly. The street before the palace was strewn with flowers and "beakers and other capacious vessels brimming with wine were placed at all the house doors." A group of soldiers marched in carnival attire escorting wagon-loads of beautiful undraped women throwing flowers on the street, while important persons rode on richly caparisoned elephants loaned by King Porus. Alexander bought for his soldiers all the wine they could drink until none of them could stand on their own legs. Even the ordinarily sober musicians who played "the breathing flutes, the warbling lyres and trembling tablas" (an Indian drum adopted by the Greeks) became intoxicated. The conqueror and his friends rode in a chariot "which groaned under the weight of goblets of gold and large drinking cups and viands for feasting at these extemporaneous revels."

Then Cleophis "came with a great train of noble ladies who poured out libations of wine," to join Alexander in the great palace of Taxila.

It is significant that in the ruins were found not only drinking cups, but a golden urn in Greco-Indian style containing Indian hemp, which is the maddening drug known as hashish. A great drinking goblet, seven inches high, was picked up next to a pair of heavy golden earrings. Hashish produces wild hallucinations and complete loss of all moral sense, and if taken in large quantities results in death after prolonged sleep.

It is quite possible that Alexander's death much later in Babylon may have been an after-effect of hashish. It is significant of the state of mental disorder into which this man of transcendent genius had fallen, that he continued to carry out the plans suggested to him by Queen Cleophis even after he had discovered her treachery.

The sculptures at Taxila prove the wild character of the last great debauch of Alexander's reign. The dancing girls instead of skirts wore garments of fine gold threads dangling in delicate chains from the waist down with no undergarments.

During this strange orgy of bloodshed, drinking and drug-taking, Alexander was persuaded to lead his unfortunate army through the desert of Gedrosia. The historians say that he chose it on learning that no one had yet traversed it with an army, except the famous old Assyrian Queen Semiramis when fleeing from India, and she escaped with only twenty men. It is now supposed from the latest researches that Queen Cleophis taunted Alexander that he had not the courage to attempt what the Assyrian Queen had done. This is supported by the statement of the old historian Curtius Rufus that Alexander said to his generals before starting:

"Reflect I pray you that we have come to lands in which the name of a woman is the most famed in valor. What cities did Semiramis build! What mighty works did she plan! We have not yet equalled the glorious achievement of a woman, and have we already had our fill of glory? No, I say."

So Alexander caused half his army to perish in the desert and died a physical wreck at Babylon, not of a broken heart because there were "no new worlds to conquer," as some historians have written, but because of the wiles of a beautiful, but rather foolish woman.

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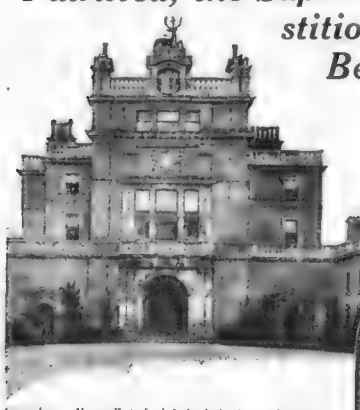
The "Waterford Curse" Claims Its 6th Noble Victim

But One More of the Beresford Lords Must Meet a Violent Death Before the Doom Called Down Upon Them by the Old Mother 145 Years Ago Is Fulfilled, the Superstitious Believe



Curraghmore House, Waterford, Ireland, the Ancestral Home of the Beresfords, Where the Old Mother's Son Was Executed, Thus Causing the "Waterford Curse."

Seven of the House of Waterford Must Die Violent Deaths to Pay for the Killing of Her Son, Declared the Old Mother Two Centuries Ago, and Now the Sixth Has Joined His Five Predecessors, Each of Whom "Died with their boots on," as the Witch Had Predicted.

LONDON, Oct. 20.

"FOR seven generations the heads of the House of Waterford shall die a violent death."

Smarting under the blow of his riding crop, after he had been responsible for the death of her son, an old Irishwoman, supposed to be something of a witch, pointed a bony finger at one of the early Lords of Waterford, and thus cursed the family.

The other day the seventh Marquess of Waterford was found with a bullet through his brain, in the armory of his ancestral castle, near Waterford, Ireland. It cannot be disputed that now six members of that noble family have come to violent ends and therefore that the old crone's prophecy has been almost completely fulfilled. The local peasantry whose ancestors kept careful tabs on the curse have no doubts that these six noblemen died with their boots on entirely because an angry old woman, with supernatural powers, wanted it that way. And that another must die before the "curse" will be lifted.

Of course this is rank superstition. Yet the woman did say it and it did happen. Is it a proper scientific attitude to dismiss such an extraordinary series as six coincidences? As a matter of fact, the main difference between science and superstition in this case is that the layer of the curse was a shrewd observer of certain things on which she was able to base an accurate prophecy. However, that prophetess of evil had no more power to make it happen than has the Weather Bureau when it is lucky enough to forecast a hurricane correctly.

The curse of the House of Waterford is also on thousands of humbler families where life insurance companies make note of its ravages in estimating a person's expectation of life. When the late Marquess shot himself, he was thirty-three years old and the coroner called it accident. The gun had a hair-trigger without any guard, and it was shown that it could be fired by the slightest accidental touch or even by setting the butt down hard on the floor. A thoughtful, prudent person would not have such a dangerous weapon in the house or at least would handle it with the utmost care. But the Waterfords are imprudent people, their curse is recklessness and so they die with their boots on.

A strange sight is a reckless man trying to be careful. The father of the recently deceased Marquess felt so badly over the family curse that when his son was about to be born he became alarmed over the fact that his London house was No. 13 Cavendish Square. To escape the number 13 "hoodoo," he rented the house next door until his son and heir was born. He thought he was being careful.

This sixth Marquess managed to live to the age of thirty-six when, one morning, he was missed on the great 3,000-acre estate. The day before he had been seen returning alone from a hunt, hurrying toward the castle in a terrific downpour of rain. His footsteps were easily traced to a swamp. He did not need to cross that swamp but it was the shortest route. He was wet, in a hurry, thought he knew his way in spite of the dark and the flood, but they found his body where he had gotten into an overflow of the River Clodagh and drowned. The coroner was correct in calling it accident, but accidents run in some families, just as obesity, baldness or heart disease curse others.

The father of the drowned Marquess blew out his brains, as his grandson was destined to do, but in that case there was no question that it was suicide. Yet the verdict was the result of an accident. From boyhood he was famous as a dare-devil horseman, with the inevitable result that he suffered many falls. Finally he had one fall too many, injuring his spine so that he never recovered the full use of his legs. As soon as the Marquess was certain that he would always be a cripple, he grabbed a gun and finished the job.

Of all men, this one should have been careful about horses and might have been forgiven if he had been afraid ever to bestride one. He had seen his own grandfather, the third Marquess of Waterford, brought home dragged, mangled and dead as the result of a horseback accident. Of course, every one warned him, but reckless people delight in doing exactly what they are cautioned not to do. That is why they are always in hot water and poor in insurance risks.

The old woman who enunciated the curse so correctly had been dead and her grave lost and forgotten before any of these Waterfords was born. How could she guess that the curse would be continued even beyond the Biblical third and fourth generation? Even strong family traits, good or bad usually peter out in the great-grandchildren if not before. For instance the late Duke of Marlborough was about as different as anyone could imagine from the mighty historic character, founder of the family.

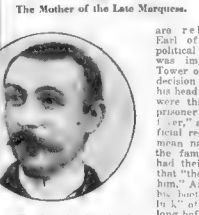
But in the Waterford family the reckless strain was reinforced by one of dauntless combativeness through intermarriage with the "fighting" Beresfords and one of explosive recklessness in their other relatives known as the "mad" Delavals.

The first Marquess of Waterford was George de la Poer Beresford, who received the title in 1789 and a few years later the curse. It seems that the old lady had brought her grandson, an incorrigible youth, to the Marquess who had promised to make a man of him. While he was busy on other matters, the youth hanging around the castle was caught stealing and literally hanged, a customary punishment for thieves in those days.

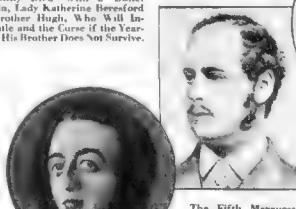
Probably the Marquess did not know about the matter until it was too late, but the old woman blamed him for it and was giving him such a public scolding that he flicked her out of his way with the whip, prompting her to utter the prophecy. Like everyone in that part of Ireland, she knew the pedigree and behavior of the Lord's family and most of his ancestors. It probably was the general opinion of most everybody that they were a wild crowd, unlikely to live out their allotted days, but she never would have

John Charles Beresford, the Marquess Who Recently Died With a Bullet in His Brain, Lady Katherine Beresford and His Brother Hugh, Who Will Inherit the Title and the Curse if the Year-Old Son of His Brother Does Not Survive.

The Mother of the Late Marquess.



The Late Lord Delaval Beresford, Killed in a North Dakota Railroad Wreck.



The Third Marquess of Waterford, Who Was Killed When He Was Thrown From His Horse While Out Hunting.

The Fifth Marquess of Waterford, Who Committed Suicide.

The poor seems to be a fatal ground for the Waterfords and yet they never seem to learn the limitations of their horsemanship. At Aldershot, England, twenty years ago, Capt. C. C. de la Poer Beresford, another of the unlucky Waterfords, thought he could stop a runaway horse, an error that caused one more violent death.

Among the titles borne by the head of each generation of Waterfords is Earl of Tyrone, a revival of an ancient title belonging to an Irish family to which Beresfords are related. The first Earl of Tyrone made a political error, for which he was imprisoned in the Tower of London, pending decision whether to cut off his head or not. While they were thinking it over the prisoner died, "from a fever," according to the official records which would mean natural causes. But the family, who probably had their reasons, insisted that "they did something to him." Anyway he died with his boots on, so the "hand of luck" of the family started long before the curse.

The Tower victim's thirteen-year-old son and heir promptly fell from a pony and broke his neck. The original propounder of the curse had specified seven victims, because seven being the biggest indivisible numeral and mathematic nuisance has always been considered mystic and holy. Anyhow, when the Marquess, who had shown his fear of the number thirteen, had managed to drown himself, the peasantry agreed that he was the fifth victim of the curse.

And when the other day his son shot himself, that made it six. The present holder of the title is less than two years old. Will he die in bed or amuse himself with horses and firearms until he goes with his boots on and ends the curse?

The first Marquess was found dead in his own bed, with no signs of violence and therefore has never been on the list of victims. Yet among the natives around Curraghmore Castle his death has been discussed more than any of the others. The old noble and the slightly infamous Lady Tyrconnel of the "mad" Delavals, were such good friends that they made one of those "proof of immortality" deals. Whichever died first was to run around in spirit form to visit the other.

Lady Tyrconnel told everyone that on the night of her elderly boy-friend's passing his ghost burst into her bedroom, grasped her by the wrist and ducked out again. His spectral hand was so hot that it left a deep burn on her ladyship's wrist forcing her to keep it covered with a band of black velvet. The popular theory was that at the instant of death the Marquess had been hustled down to the flames of eternal punishment. But remembering his promise, he had escaped just long enough to lay a hot hand on the lady's wrist. This experience should have made her a better girl from then on but, sad to relate, it had no such effect.

If a vote were taken among all surviving members of the Waterford family, they would unanimously elect as the most careless, Lord Delaval Beresford, brother of England's famous Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, although he died blamelessly in that railroad wreck.

As a youth he was careless in dress and manners, refusing to wear evening dress or frock coat in the afternoon. Finally, after a row with other members of the family, he wandered across the Atlantic with only the equivalent of a few hundred dollars in his pocket. He must have been rather careless financially, because what that wreck killed him twenty seven years later, he left an estate of more than a million dollars. Some of the property was in Texas and Canada but the bulk was in Mexico. There was the Ojo Grande ranch of 160,000 acres, stocked with the finest blooded cattle. The San Pedro ranch near-by, had 78,000 acres of rich pasture and was also stocked with the best breeds.

The will left the bulk of everything to the Admiral and another brother Lord Marcus Beresford. When the British sea fighter came to claim the estate, the negro servant who let him into the hacienda at Ojitos, said that "Lady Flo" would see him in a moment.

"And who is Lady Flo?" inquired the admiral. The servant replied:

"De Lawd's widow. Here she comes now."

All the torpedoes in the world could not have startled the Admiral more than the person who breezed into the room, announcing that she was "Lady Beresford," wanted the title recognized by the family and her just share of the estate. "Lady Flo" was a determined, intelligent but very dark mulatto.

"I am Lord Beresford's legal wife," she said, "and I can prove it. Throughout Chihuahua, where we lived, I was recognized by the Mexican people as 'Lady Beresford,' and when we came to El Paso he always introduced me as his wife. I was permitted to buy anything I wished at the stores in El Paso and charge it to Lord Beresford, and he always paid. There is no trouble in proving this."

All this made lucrative employment for lawyers and detectives before the Admiral was able to straighten the matter out, but the family voted the deceased the most careless of all Waterfords.

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Secrets of Great Jewel Robberies

Mrs. Mildred Sitamore, Wife of Harry Sitamore, the King of Jewel Thieves, Who Was Finally Caught With $500,000 Worth of Stolen Gems, Reveals How This Master Criminal Worked, Unsuspected, Among the Rich and Fashionable

Amusing Caricature of Mabel Boll by the Well-Known French Cartoonist, "Sem."

By Mrs. Harry Sitamore

CHAPTER V.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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ONE of those "innocent" little friendships that so often arise on long train rides, or steamship tours, may turn out to be a very costly adventure. Like the professional gamblers, who are met in the smoking room of an ocean liner, or in the club car of a de luxe express train, so also clever women of the underworld are traveling about, demure in appearance, but wide-awake for opportunity. They know that, for some reason, men seem to be off their guard under the surroundings and in the leisure of travel.

I will relate one instance of this kind, but would prefer not to give the actual name and address of the victim. I will call him Colonel Wallace.

But Colonel Wallace must have realized that he had been taken in by the young girl whose unsophisticated beauty had attracted him when he saw her sitting on a New York bound train a few minutes after the Colonel boarded the Limited at Kansas City, for the wealthy Westerner simply marked his robbery off to experience, and the huge theft, like so many more that have occurred in the United States during the last ten years, never was reported to the police.

The Westerner not only failed to mention the suspicions he must have had of his train acquaintance, but he didn't even balk over a $4,500 furcoat, bought at a shop in New York, or an emerald brooch which cost $11,000 at Tiffany's, which he gave as presents to the girl. And then, two weeks after the robbery, when he left again for the West, he handed his friend $5,000, to "tide you over for a while."

As a matter of fact, almost any man would have been fooled by the innocent beauty of Phyllis, the girl in the case. Back hair, smooth olive skin, huge, trusting black eyes, a real Madonna face, and a willowy figure—Phyllis looked just what she told Colonel Wallace she was, a girl from the country, en route to New York to seek her fortune. Actually, that self-proclaimed sagebrush beauty was one of the best known of that strange gang known as Polly Adler's girls, when Polly Adler was what Samuel Seabury, who later was to head the Seabury investigation committee in New York, called "Queen of New York's vice ring."

Phyllis was just about as unsophisticated as Satan's wife—if he has one.

A manicurist by profession, I gave the girl her first New York job in my beauty parlor at Forty-sixth Street and Broadway, a few years ago. But Phyllis was not the sort of a girl to be satisfied with working for a living, and her rare beauty aided a natural desire to choose an easier path for a career of more excitement in turn of a half dozen of Broadway's playboys, but, like so many other girls who have followed that same path, she finally became one of Polly Adler's girls.

And like most of Polly's girls, she had her finger in many rackets in New York. For a time she made plenty of money, but she, like nearly every one associated with the underworld, she couldn't keep it. Race horses and hazard were her failings.

I happened to meet the girl in a West End Avenue gambling house, in New York, one evening. I hadn't seen her for more than a year. As usual she had just lost all her money, and was as also usual with most unlucky gamblers, swearing that she would never again risk a nickel on the turn of a card or the spin of a roulette wheel.

Sitamore felt sorry for her, and when we left the place a few minutes later, Phyllis went with us, to be our guest at dinner.

And during that dinner, Harry proposed that she team up with him in the capacity of fingerman. As readers of this series in The American Weekly will recall, I told in an earlier chapter that a finger-man is the underworld agent for a girl who aids a thief in the business of robbery. A finger-girl, or a finger-man, chosen because they are in a position to know the location of likely jewel caches, know the routines of the owners of those caches, generally clear the path for the thief, and usually receive 15 per cent of the proceeds of a robbery.

Phyllis was more than willing to become a finger-moll. As a matter of fact, she would have done almost anything to get money, and hardly had Harry made his proposal before, eyes flashing, she declared excitedly that she knew one "swell prospect."

"I know a girl who has loads of jewels, and I have been invited to her apartment," Phyllis told my husband. "It will be easy to get a layout of the place."

And then Phyllis haggled over terms with Harry until she got him to agree to pay her 20 per cent of the loot for her services instead of the usual 15. When she had accomplished this, she named the prospective victim, Mabel Boll.

Harry gasped, when he heard the name, and then sat back and roared with laughter. He laughed so loudly, in fact, that everyone in the restaurant where we were eating turned toward our table. His would-be partner in crime simply sat and stared at him.

"Mabel Boll," Harry chuckled. "Are you trying to kid me?"

Phyllis told him promptly that she certainly wasn't kidding, and that she knew Mabel Boll had a large collection of jewels. "More than I ever saw before," she asserted.

Then Harry made a statement which was news even to me. Mabel Boll's jewels, of that day, were paste—or at least the jewels which she wore when she appeared on Broadway, he said. That was before the blond beauty had acquired the nickname of "The Queen of Diamonds" and before she became friendly with Charley Levine, the passenger who flew across the Atlantic Ocean with Clarence Chamberlain. Mabel Boll later was to be seen in the places where fashionables gathered, wearing a fortune in real gems, but in that day she kept what real gems she had safely locked up in a safety deposit vault, and wore paste imitations.

Phyllis was chagrined, but she told Harry that she would make it her business to "dig up a real prospect," and that the next victim she proposed would own real jewels.

Two days later Phyllis called at our apartment, in tears.

"Mildred" she sobbed, "my mother is dead I just got a telegram. I haven't even train fare to go to her. Can you loan me some money?"

Harry came in as she was telling her story. Both of us sympathized with her, and my husband gave her $1,000 so she could make the trip to her mother's funeral, in Kansas. That was the last we heard of Phyllis for more than a month, when she burst into our apartment one night to tell us of her romantic meeting with Colonel Wallace. The name didn't mean anything to us until she mentioned that he was the owner of a big Western cattle ranch and owned the controlling interest in a rich gold mine. Then Harry remembered that the Colonel had a reputation as a collector of jewels.

"I met him on the train coming from Kansas City," Phyllis told us. "We fell into conversation, and I told him I was from Kansas and was on my way to New York to try and get onto the stage. He is a big strapping man, about 65, tall and aristocratic looking, with white hair, and"—she finished with a rush—"he is loaded down with more diamonds than I ever saw in my life. He even wears them in his walking stick, and some of them are as big as marbles."

If Phyllis wanted to make an impression on Harry Sitamore to get even with him for having laughed at her earlier suggestion of Mabel Boll as a robbery victim, she succeeded. Harry was walking the floor of our apartment as he listened to her story, nervous, as he always is when he is considering a jewel robbery, and it was apparent that he was considering the possibility of stealing Colonel Wallace's jewels.

"The train wasn't more than 20 miles out of Kansas City when he came over and spoke to me," Phyllis continued. "I was feeling sort of blue, and it seemed good to have someone to talk to. A little while later he invited me to have lunch with him, and I accepted. It wasn't until we were seated at the table in the diner that I became aware there was something unusual about his appearance.

"It was the diamonds. He had one huge one in his shirt front. When he swung his coat aside I could see two more. He actually was wearing those big diamonds for shirt studs!

"When he reached across the table I saw a fourth diamond, set into a ring on his finger. It was the biggest of them all, and glistened in the sunlight. I could hardly eat, I was so excited, but I felt sure they must be paste. I couldn't imagine anyone wearing stones like those, if they were real. I was so excited that finally, after we had gone back to the Pullman coach, I simply asked him if they were real diamonds."

She said that the big rancheman had laughed a coarse, and assured her that the diamonds were not only real, but of the finest quality.

"I wouldn't want to wear anything else," he said. "They say we Westerners are spectacular, but I don't care what they say."

"And he was spectacular," Phyllis went on. "He is the only man I have ever seen who can actually swagger sitting down. I guess I must have looked impressed, because he went over to his luggage and drew out a cane. I tell you that cane is solid gold, with platinum trimmings, and there must be a hundred diamonds, emeralds and rubies set into it. Not only on the end of the cane—all the way down to its tip."

Phyllis sat back on the davenport and closed her eyes dramatically, as she concluded the story of that cane. Harry was almost sprinting in circles, and even I was excited.

Colonel Wallace, apparently amused at what he thought was the little country girl's keen interest in his jewels, had told her that the jewels he used for shirt studs weighed eight carats each. The big ring on his hand weighed over fourteen carats and had cost $100,000. He had forty diamonds set into a watch chain, each of which was a carat and a half. His watch had $50,000 worth of diamonds set into its case.

"And you let him get away, I suppose," Harry burst on. He almost shouted.

"Get away?" blazed the girl. "Get away? I have him parked right this minute in a suite of rooms at a Broadway hotel. Now do I get my 20 per cent?"

For a moment I thought Harry would kiss her. Phyllis had agreed to allow Colonel Wallace to "show her New York." It was funny. That girl knew people and places in New York that the flashy Westerner had never even heard of. She had even agreed to let him take a suite in the hotel and install her in one of the rooms. "He doesn't mean anything by it," Phyllis added. "It is just a platonic friendship. He said he would see that I got started in the show business."

Then Harry took over the conversation, asking questions, making plans for the robbery and coaching Phyllis on her part. It finally was decided that they would postpone the actual stealing of the jewels for a few days, to give Phyllis time to allow her wealthy sponsor to take her to a few Broadway shows, buy her the clothes he had promised and give her a chance to observe more closely the rancher's habits.

And Phyllis got her clothes. In a few days she had acquired almost the finest wardrobe I have ever seen and a small jewel collection of her own, including the $11,000 emerald brooch that I have already mentioned. But what was far more important to Harry Sitamore, she had carefully studied the showman's habits. One of the most important things she had learned was that he took two highballs before retiring each night, and that once he did get to bed he slept soundly for a full eight hours.

"It would take an earthquake to awaken him," said the girl, who had spent long hours watching the wealthy rancher as he slept, and when he supposed she was asleep in her own room on the opposite end of the suite.

Furthermore, he was just as careless about his jewels as most people are. He usually left his diamond-studded cane on top of the dresser when he retired, and, as I told you in another installment of this series, like most people, he put the rest of his jewels in the right-hand drawer of his dresser. The $50,000 watch he placed under his pillow. It had a luminous dial, so that the Colonel could tell the hour should he happen to awaken in the dark. This seldom happened, Phyllis said.

But to make sure that the Colonel didn't awaken on the night chosen for the robbery Harry secured a harmless opiate and handed it to Phyllis, instructing her to slip it into one of the highballs which the Colonel took before retiring. "It won't hurt him; he can't taste it, and it will dissolve almost the moment it hits the liquid," Harry told her. Then to make sure she didn't botch the job he made her practice crushing the pellet between her thumb and finger and allowing it to drop into a highball glass, until he was certain she could do it without attracting the suspecting Colonel's attention, even if he was watching her as she did it. One of the reasons Harry Sitamore evaded the law as long as he did was because he was careful of just such details.

Finally Phyllis had sipped the opiate into the drink and had assured herself that Colonel Wallace was sleeping soundly she was to step to the front window and raise and lower the shade a few times to let my husband know that the coast was clear. He would be, he assured her, in a room where he could see the signal, though he didn't reveal just where he would be.

After that she was to return to her bedroom and go to bed, paying no attention to anything that happened, and she was to stay in bed "asleep" until Colonel Wallace awoke and discovered his jewels were gone. Under no conditions, Harry warned, was she to touch the knobs of the doors leading from their suite to the hotel corridor after the Colonel himself, as was his habit, tested them to assure himself they were locked, just before he went to bed.

My husband, meanwhile, had made a thorough study of the Wallace suite from the outside, and had chosen a hideaway for himself from which he could see the signal. And he had rented an exactly duplicate suite on another floor of the hotel for a day, to thoroughly acquaint himself with the inside arrangement of the suite.

On the night chosen for the robbery Harry Sitamore was inside Colonel Wallace's room within five minutes after he had received the signal from Phyllis that all was well and that the Colonel was sleeping soundly. Tiptoeing his way through the darkened room where the only sound was the breathing of the sleeping rancher, Harry found the golden cane on the dresser. As much as he hated to do it, he bent the unusual walking stick double so that he could stuff it beneath his coat, losing several fair sized diamonds when he did so, the stones coming loose from their settings during the bending.

Then he found the studs and rings in the right-hand dresser drawer, and finally, walking softly to the Colonel's bedside, he slipped the $50,000 watch out from under the sleeping man's pillow. He also took the $11,000 emerald brooch from Phyllis's room. That had been a detail planned in advance, to furnish an alibi of sorts for the girl.

The entire robbery took less than five minutes. Harry slipped out of the rooms with the fortune in stolen gems, walked downstairs three flights, boarded an elevator and rode the rest of the way, walked through the hotel lobby, took a taxicab, rode some distance in it, changed to a second taxi and rode several blocks more, and finally entered the third cab, in which he rode home.

By two o'clock the next afternoon he had disposed of the stolen jewels. Arnold Rothstein bought most of the loot of the robbery, paying Harry $85,000 in cash. Incidentally I afterward learned that, for once in his life, Rothstein decided he wouldn't sell the larger diamonds as he had received them. He was afraid the stones might be recognized so he had them re-cut, to assure losing much of their value. That is one of the reasons why really large diamonds are not often stolen by expert criminals. The stones are so readily recognizable in their original state, and so much of their value is lost in re-cutting, that it is hardly worth the risk of stealing such gems.

Some of the biggest jewel robberies in history, including the theft of Queen Marie Antoinette's famous pearl necklace, were largely a waste of time for the thieves. The stolen jewels were so well known that they couldn't be disposed of.

Getting back to Phyllis and her rancher-admirer, some of the smaller diamonds that Harry stole that night were sold to two smaller fences who operated in headquarters on West Forty-sixth street, between Sixth avenue and Broadway, in the heart of New York City, for $35,000—making a total of $120,000 in cash my husband received for that five-minute robbery. Phyllis, of course, got $25,000 for her share. In addition she got another emerald brooch worth $7,500 and a $2,500 diamond bar pin, to replace her "stolen" present, for Harry, despite the girl's wishes, would not save the brooch for her. He sold it along with the rest of the loot.

"If there should be any suspicion attached to you, you must be absolutely clear in the whole thing," he told Phyllis. "It would look fine for you to be seen wearing that same brooch again."

As a matter of fact, it was the theft of that brooch that did more than anything else to convince Colonel Wallace, even against what must have been his better judgment, that his innocent country girl friend didn't have any hand in the theft of his jewels.

Wallace, Phyllis told us later was furious, when he awakened and found his jewels gone. He stormed into her room, where, following Harry's instructions, she was still pretending to be asleep, and after shaking her awake, bluntly accused her of having been "in on the job." It was then that Phyllis chose to discover that her brooch, too, was missing, and she acted her heart-broken part so well that she lulled Wallace's suspicions of herself. Then, also playing the part Harry had outlined, she suggested they call the police.

Poor Colonel Wallace! That was the one thing he couldn't do. No matter how honorable his intentions toward the little country girl might have been he had installed her in his own suite and had made a fool of himself in a scandalous manner. His hands had he allowed a word of publicity over the robbery to creep out.

Phyllis tried to soothe him, but he wouldn't be soothed, swearing "by the Great Horned Toad" that he would find out who robbed him if it took him the rest of his life, and when he did find out he would teach the thief just what it meant to rob a real old-time rancher. The irate old gentleman then did call in private detectives, and the detectives hunted vainly for some clue to the perpetrator of the robbery. One of the first things they did was to test the door-knobs of the suite for fingerprints. They could find only those prints left by Wallace himself when he had tested the doors to make sure they were locked the night before. Once again Harry's foresight had kept Phyllis from blundering into what might have been a serious position. Harry, of course, had worn silk gloves when he entered the room the night before.

Eventually, after the detectives reported there were none but his own fingerprints on the door knobs and that the jewels actually were missing, including the theft of Queen Marie Antoinette's famous pearl necklace, were largely a waste of time for the thieves. The stolen jewels were so well known that they couldn't be disposed of.

When I look back now, and realize that Harry's net proceeds from that robbery were $85,000—after Phyllis had been paid her $25,000 and given $10,000 worth of jewelry—I realize just how we managed to spend what would have been a tremendous fortune to anyone else during the ten years my husband and I were married. During those ten years Harry averaged an income of a quarter of a million yearly. A total of at least $2,500,000 in the ten years. It is gone now, and the story of what happened to that $85,000 is, in substance, the story of what happened to all the rest of that fortune.

In the several years just prior to the Wallace robbery, I had asked Harry many times to buy a real home. That was before I realized that a criminal can't have a home, can't be tied down to any one place, can't really know what possession means. Crime is always a race with the law, and a racer can't become stationary. I think Harry knew this, but to humor my wishes, he turned the entire $85,000 which he had gained from the robbery of the rancher over to me.

"Buy a home, if that is what you want," he told me.

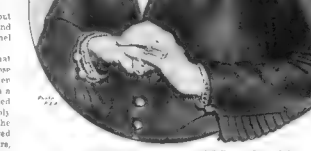
As I remarked in an earlier chapter, I had been born on a farm, and lived on a farm until I came to New York as a girl of 20. I think I still had some yearning for country life, for the home I wanted was not to be a house in the city, but a country place, a real country place with plenty of ground around it, trees, a fish pond, meadows—everything that goes to make up a home in the country. I found just the sort of place I had dreamed of on Long Island. It was a beautiful house.

Sixty thousand of that $85,000 went to pay for the house. We bought it outright, of course. That was the way I wanted it, not with any string, in the form of a mortgage, attached. Twelve thousand more of that $85,000 went into the furnishings of the home. I told you that the so-called "Broadway smartest" are seldom as smart as they think. I proved that to myself in this instance. During my shopping around for just the right furniture to put into this house of mine, I paid $2,500 at an auction sale for two rare and beautiful pieces of tapestry—only to learn later that the same "tapestries" could have been purchased at any reliable department store for about $50 each.

By the time we moved into the house, most of the money Harry had received from the jewels stolen from Colonel Wallace was gone, but through a series of smaller robberies he had accumulated an additional $100,000. We decided

Continued on Page 22

The Sitamores' Cottage, Which They Occupied for a Time at Miami Beach.



Mabel Boll, Known as "The Queen of Diamonds," Showing Some of the Enormous Gems That Mysterious Woman Possesses.

The Former Wife of the Former Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York at the Time She Was a Regular Winter Visitor at Miami Beach.

Sitamore Had Reserved a Small Room for Himself in the Back of the Shop Next Door, and Then Wired Every Booth in His Wife's Beauty Shop With a Dictograph. Then, When the Unsuspecting Customers Were Talking of the Beautiful Gems They Had Seen, Sitamore Sat in His Little Room a Few Feet Away Taking Notes of Names, Places and Individual Pieces of Jewelry Mentioned by Them.

Reproduction of Mrs. Sitamore's Booklet Addressed to Her Customers.

Outside Cover of Mrs. Mildred Sitamore's Booklet Addressed to Her Customers.

Reproduction of Mrs.

DRYBAK
ADHESIVE PLASTER IS
Waterproof
DRYBAK
costs no more
SEND 10¢ FOR
FIRST AID SAMPLER
containing Red Cross Cotton, Bandage, Band-Aids, Gauze, Tape and DRYBAK ADHESIVE PLASTER
A RED CROSS PRODUCT
Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick New Jersey

Full Moon

by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Front Page)

[illegible] in his bedroom at the Kaiser-i-Hind Hotel at Mount Abu found [illegible] and looted of unknown contents—one servant, said to be [illegible]

[illegible] Commissioner pushed a cable across the table. "Notice anything else?"

"No. That calendar says full Moon on the fifteenth, but what [illegible]

[illegible] A Hindu named Abdurrahman [illegible]

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrapbook containing the Editorial scientific, art, hygiene and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

[illegible] Abdurrahman Khan may have liked Frensham as much as I did. He'd be capable of [illegible]

Henrietta Warned Me I Was Under Wu Tu's Influence.

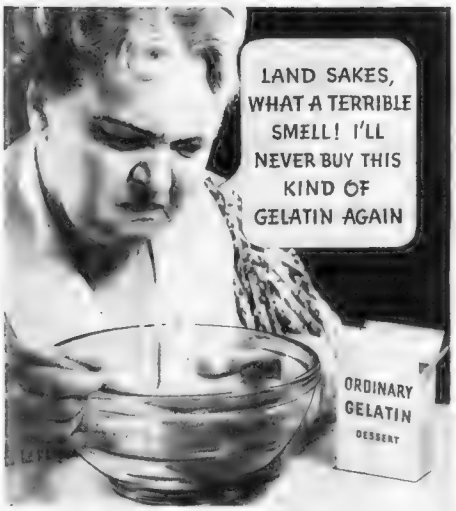
him more than to prove Charles Fort right and everybody else wrong. Do you know Fort's books?"

"Yes. His daughter Henrietta lent them to me."

"That's about [illegible] kept that also in mind. So far, you've the new moon on the fifteenth—Egyptaining, where a charcoal-burner [illegible] on coal, who might be Frensham's Abdurrahman Khan, who [illegible] provided horses—Wu Tu [illegible] tograph—Charles Forts [illegible] and Frensham's known delight in Indian magic. That's stuff that no soldier should tackle, although soldiers are the ones who seem most interested. It gets them a 'rep' for being unreliable and shuts them off from promotion. Headquarters [illegible] glad to let Frensham [illegible] off investigations one or another. As an [illegible] and plenty of [illegible] for me, and he [illegible] Hill [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

When Women Smell the Difference

. . . THEY SIMPLY WON'T HAVE ANY GELATIN BUT ROYAL



● As you add the hot water to dissolve your gelatin dessert, just bend over the bowl and *smell it!* With ordinary gelatin desserts, you will notice an unpleasant odor.

● What a difference when you mix the hot water with *Royal* Gelatin. You get just the *delicious fragrance* of real fruit. This test will convince you of Royal's fine quality.

WHIPPED CHERRY ROYAL: Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin (cherry flavor) in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup cold water or canned cherry juice. Pour ½ cup of mixture in bottom of mould and chill until firm. Add ½ teaspoon salt to remaining gelatin, chill until it begins to thicken, then whip until very frothy and thick. Fold in 1 cup halved and pitted cherries (fresh or canned). Pour in mould on top of firm gelatin. Chill until firm. Unmould and serve with whipped cream and whole cherries. Serves 6. Approximate cost (including fruit)—27¢.

MOULDED CHEF'S SALAD: Dissolve 1 package of Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup of boiling water; add 1½ teaspoons of grated onion and 1 cup of cold water. Chill until it thickens. Peel 2 small tomatoes and cut them in eighths. Add them to the thickened gelatin with ½ cup of romaine lettuce, cut in 1-inch pieces, and ¼ cup of Swiss cheese and half a green pepper, both cut in match-shaped pieces. Pour in a square pan; chill until firm. Serve spoonfuls on lettuce or other salad green with mayonnaise. Serves 6. Approximate cost—22¢.

ORANGE AND MINT WHIP: Prepare 1 package Royal Gelatin (orange flavor), following directions on package. Pour in mould to half fill; chill until firm. Prepare 1 package Royal Gelatin (lime flavor), following directions on package. Add few drops mint extract to flavor delicately. Chill until it begins to thicken; then whip until frothy and thick. Pour into mould on firm orange gelatin. Chill until firm. Unmould and garnish with sliced oranges and sprigs of mint. Serves 8—10. Approximate cost (including fruit)—20¢.

TRY THIS "SMELL TEST" YOURSELF—YOU'LL SEE INSTANTLY WHY ROYAL SALES HAVE MORE THAN DOUBLED IN 1934

A YEAR AGO, Royal asked women to smell their gelatin desserts—when they poured on the hot water.

Housewives who had been using ordinary gelatin were astonished at the unpleasant odor!

At once the sale of Royal Gelatin began to increase. The demand grew so rapidly that within a year its sales *more than doubled!*

The moment you make this "smell test" yourself, you'll understand why Royal Gelatin has become so popular.

With Royal Gelatin, you get just the delicious aroma of real fresh fruit . . . not a trace of the disagreeable odor so often noticed in ordinary gelatin desserts.

And Royal tastes even better than it smells! Every Royal flavor is like the real fruit.

Next time you order groceries, ask for Royal Gelatin. Every grocer has it . . . and speaks a good word for it.

SEVEN PURE FRUIT FLAVORS: Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Pineapple, Lemon, Orange, Lime—and

The new Royal Gelatin Aspic

This brand-new flavor was put on the market only three months ago. It's an unsweetened gelatin, with delicious meat-like flavor already in it, for making jellied meats and moulded salads.

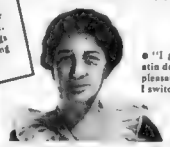
Try Royal Puddings, too

Two flavors: Chocolate and Vanilla. These delicious puddings, made with arrowroot, digest much faster . . . easier . . . than cornstarch or tapioca pudding.

HERE'S WHAT WOMEN ARE SAYING who have made the "Smell Test"

● "You certainly can *smell* the difference in gelatins. I'll never again use any but Royal Gelatin. Its aroma is so delicious, I know it must be the highest quality."
—*Mrs. Paul B. Young, Boston, Mass.*

● "I'd always thought gelatins were all alike. But I tried that new smell test and found the kind I was using had a *terrible* smell. I've been using Royal Gelatin since then, and it *does* smell *delicious*. And I think a food that *smells* good always *tastes* good."
—*Mrs. H. W. Murphy, New York, N. Y.*



● "I got a big surprise when I smelled the gelatin dessert I'd been using. The odor was so unpleasant, there was no doubt about what to do. I switched right over to Royal."
—*Mrs. D. D. McMurray, Pasadena, Calif.*

'RESH! FADING . . . ALMOST GONE!

Fruit flavors fade out quickly. That's why Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin is rushed to grocers by the same fresh-delivery system that carries Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. With Royal, you can count on an abundance of real fruit flavor.

FREE! RECIPE BOOK

A beautiful booklet containing over 100 tested recipes for delicious desserts, ice creams, salads, appetizers, beverages. Large-quantity recipes for church suppers. Attractive menus for luncheons, suppers, teas and picnics. It's FREE! Mail the coupon.

● ROYAL GELATIN, Product of Standard Brands Incorporated, Dept. G-53, 691 Washington Street, New York

Please send me—free—your recipe booklet, "ROYAL DESSERTS."

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____

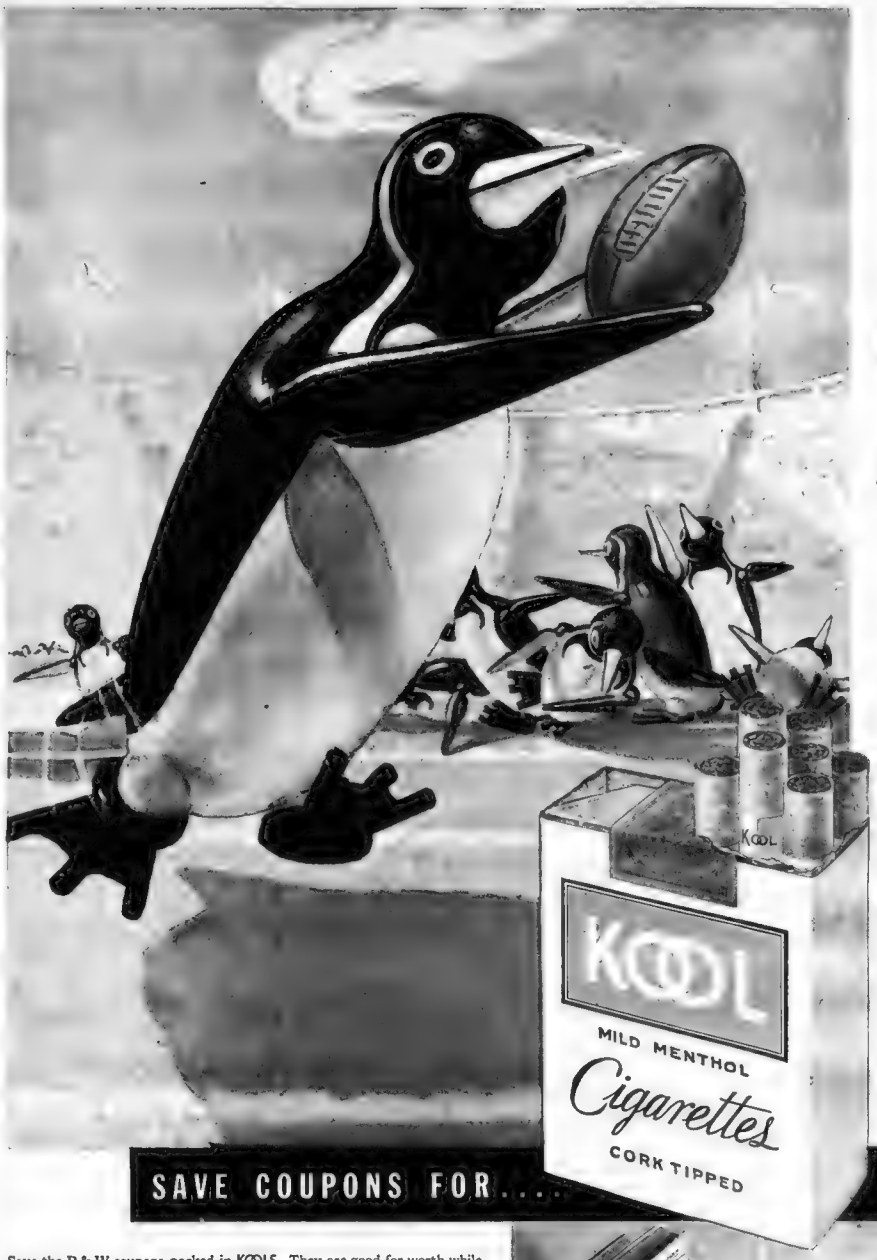
Copyright, 1934, by Standard Brands Incorporated

Full Moon

by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 14)

[illegible] That was like a [illegible] and there are [illegible] [illegible] But [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



A LONG GAIN *for throat comfort*

HERE'S the smart play for smokers this season: block those hot cigarettes that scorch your throat. Signal for KOOLS! They're as far ahead on throat comfort as a forward pass is ahead of a fumbled ball!

KOOLS are *mildly* mentholated. The mild menthol refreshingly cools the smoke, soothes your throat, while your tongue enjoys the hearty flavor of the fine Turkish-Domestic tobacco blend.

Cork-tipped: they don't stick to lips. Finally, each pack carries a B&W coupon good for worth-while, nationally advertised premiums.

Throat just a wee bit dry and dusty? Here . . try a KOOL; refreshing as a rub-down between halves.

MILDLY MENTHOLATED

15¢

25¢ in Canada

CORK-TIPPED

SAVE COUPONS FOR.... HANDSOME PREMIUMS

Save the B & W coupons packed in KOOLS. They are good for worth-while, nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Some items shown. Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

BEST SELLERS. Certificate for current book chosen for exceptional merit each month by the Literary Guild—or a choice of several outstanding previous titles. (Write for list of available books.) Each book . . . . . 125 coupons.

CANTERBURY SILK STOCKINGS—all popular shades of this beautiful women's hosiery . . . . . 125 coupons.

COCKTAIL SHAKER (by Chase). Bright chromium with black enamel rings. Top fits snug to seal contents when shaking. Non-tarnishing, 11¼ in. high . . . . . 200 coupons.

COCKTAIL CUPS (by Chase). Satin chromium inside, set of four . . . . . 125 coupons.

COCKTAIL TRAY (Chase). Bright chromium. . . . . 125 coupons.

COMPLETE SET (shaker, 4 cups and tray) . . . . . 400 coupons.

GENUINE ROSEWOOD TRAY—antique gold rim and diamond matched inlaid squares of rosewood . . . . . 325 coupons.

INLAID WOOD CIGARETTE BOX, Modernistic, beautiful . . . . . 100 coupons.

CIGARETTE CASE. Elgin sport model. Florentine enameled. Several beautiful colors . . . . . 100 coupons.

BRIDGE CARDS—Gilt-edge, Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards (choice of initial or fancy back). Deck . . . . . 50 coupons.

BRIDGE SET, two decks (different color backs) . . . . . 85 coupons.

REVERE COPPER COASTRAYS—Coaster and ash-tray combined; boxed, set of four 85 coupons.

JULEP CUPS—silver plated. Set of 2, 14 oz. 100 coupons.

CARD TABLE—folding, sturdy. Made of selected hardwood. Legs won't wobble . . 500 coupons.

SUEDE BRIDGE TABLE COVER — Perfect playing surface, washable, choice of colors . . . . . 85 coupons.

BRIDGE SCORE PAD, PENCIL—leather . . . . . 85 coupons.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP., LOUISVILLE, KY.

RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW DOWN TO POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

It's Amazingly Easy to Use

paint, drive nails or screws into it. Does repairs around the house—a perfect loose caster holein floor, etc. Sets and unsets to repair. It's PLASTIC WOOD. And you'll say it's needed! When you try it. Sold in 6 [illegible]

PLASTIC WOOD

INGROWN NAIL

PAIN STOPS! NAIL GROWS OUT AGAIN

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

The Mating of Dan Yeo

By Otwell Binns

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

DAN YEO, soldier of fortune, appears at work on the Dor[illegible] at Hoomoon on the Malay Archipelago. At Sun Kee's gambling house Malka Sitti Kwa[illegible] Dan Yeo [illegible] Malka directs Dan to [illegible] Dan returned. When Elespeth ap[illegible] Dan [illegible] Her story of an island with a temple stone fort and an image like himself enamored Dan, who went and [illegible] Malka's directions they [illegible] Dan [illegible] Elespeth [illegible] Dan [illegible] Dan [illegible] Dan

How beautiful New York models keep their teeth lovely

(left) MYRNA WILLIAMS comes from Cheyenne—out where men are men and women are—well, judge for yourself. She was educated in Switzerland and has been studying dramatic art.

(right) The chance remark of an utter stranger, to the effect that she was pretty as a picture, led MISS LENORE PETTIT to forsake the business world and take up the career of modeling, which in turn led to the stage.

(left) EDITH TRIVERS, following her graduation from a private school for girls in New York City, posed for pictures and studied for the stage. She is an excellent horsewoman, a swimmer, and likes tennis.

(right) A New York photographer clipped a picture of JESSIE SHANKS from a department store ad and sent for her to pose. Now she has all she can do in her work as a photographer's model.

(right) The first picture of ETHELYNE HOLT ever published started a vogue for the hat she wore. She became known

(left) At the Broadway motion picture theatre where RUTH STOVALL once sold tickets, they said she had a nice honest face. Then famous New York illustrators decided she was a pretty girl. Now artists and photographers spread her fame

For true cleanliness and sparkling lustre

So Necessary to Beauty

There are no sterner judges of tooth paste than these women. Since their jobs depend on their good-looks they cannot afford to take chances on doubtful preparations. For them only the best will do *and it must produce results.* That is why so many of them use Listerine Tooth Paste, year in, year out.

They have found, as more than two million other women have discovered—that Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes quick results that are simply amazing. Dingy looking teeth made brighter . . . lustreless teeth given a wonderful sparkle after a few brushings . . . unsightly discolorations disappearing after a week or two . . . all without harm to the precious enamel of the teeth. Safety is one of the appealing factors of this truly remarkable dentifrice.

Undoubtedly the tooth paste you are now using is a good one. But we would like you to switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for the time being and try this dentifrice from the famed Listerine laboratories.

See how firm it makes your gums . . . how quickly it combats film and discolorations. Note how it attacks tartar. Observe how thoroughly clean it makes your teeth feel. Note the brilliant sparkle it gives them after a few days. And then look for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration following its use—like the delightful effect of Listerine itself.

Get a tube today at your nearest druggist or department store. In two sizes: Large Regular, 25¢, and Double Size, 40¢.

Men like it because it removes stains

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

NEW

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

PROVED THE BEST SMOKING PIPE IN THE WORLD

on the Jensen Smoke Tester

● Better even than the famous foreign pipes. That's what makes pipe smokers so proud of New Drinkless Kaywoodie. *University scientists made over 410 tests with every well known pipe in the world and proved New Drinkless Kaywoodie best.* By actual laboratory measurement — purer smoke, cooler smoke, better taste. There's no substitute for such performance. It's New Drinkless Kaywoodie for you.

$3.50

Send for Proof and Handbook

Booklet describing the 410 tests, and the only Handbook of its kind, showing over 100 Kaywoodie styles *(all choicest imported briar)* in full colors, also showing the famous Tobacco Yello holder for cigarettes. Enclose 10c for mailing.

Dept. W-1, *Kaywoodie Bros. & Bondy, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City, Est. 1853*

Ask your dealer to show you

Super-Grain 5 A SUPER-KAYWOODIE

Each pipe a rare and beautiful specimen—pick of the world's choicest briar roots

Cuticura Talcum Powder

Protect your skin with a powder that is mildly antiseptic and at the same time fine, soft and smooth as silk. Fragrant, oriental balsamic essential oils comprise the medication of **Cuticura Talcum.** Instantly upon touching the skin these oils start their soothing, healing work and you are protected against irritation.

Price 25c.

Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

LINCOLN AND INDIAN HEAD PENNIES WANTED

We pay up to **$2** each if more than 11 years old

We pay up to $500 for certain U. S. Cents.

Get our list of highest cash prices paid for pennies . . . then look in your pocket or among your old coins. You may find pennies that are worth $'s to you. Send 10c today for catalog listing our wants. Address Box 731.

NATIONAL COIN CO.
BOX 731 - MILWAUKEE, WIS.

EXPOSED!

Secrets of Cards, Dice and Games of Chance

It's here! Tricks, systems and secrets of professionals laid bare! Sensational SECRET BLUE BOOK, now in its third printing, boldly reveals cheating methods, of which you should be aware. Fully illustrated. Invaluable to a thousand times its cost in every player. Rush 50c in coin or stamps for a copy of this eye-lightening book.

H. C. EVANS & CO.
1528-1529 W. Adams Street, Dept. 15-S, Chicago

***LOSING YOUR HAIR?**

Too bad so many men become prematurely bald without trying this inexpensive treatment to ward it off. Ask any druggist for a 6oc bottle (Economy size, $1) of **Japanese Oil,** the antiseptic counter-irritant. Use it as directed. You'll be amazed at the way it makes loose dandruff vanish, stops scalp itch and where hair roots are not dead, grows strong healthy hair on thin and partially bald spots. Try it for 30 to 60 days. You have little to lose and a great deal to gain.

FREE: Valuable book, "The Truth About the Hair." Write to:
NATIONAL REMEDY CO., 56 West 45th Street, New York, Dept. 248

JAPANESE OIL

*This advertisement was reviewed and approved by a registered physician.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

The Mating of Dan Yeo

By Otwell Binns

(Continued from Page 18)

whole wide expanse of blue and green; but nowhere did the white sails of the Frigate Bird lift themselves in the sun. The sea was blank as a desert, not a sail or craft of any kind in sight. His failure to find the schooner troubled him greatly.

"In heaven name, what's got the little man?" he whispered to himself, and cetinued to search the blue expans.

Worrying cetectures lifted themselves in his mind. These seas were full of reefand shoals and uncharted rocks, ith tides that in places were lik a millrace. What if in the urkness the Frigate Bird caugt in one of those strange currea had been flung on a reef or mashed on one of those islets hat were lumps of basaltic rock The thing was more than possib and in that case, taken perhaps unawares, Cardon and alls crew might have perished, t they might be castaways fryinin the sun on one of those wrless rocks.

His eyes turned anew t the string of islands that mas up the Seven Pearls. Any oof them might be the grave oine schooner and her crew. Hidn away on some side of these islands that he could not see, timbers might be smashing kindling wood on the coral, an those who had sailed her be food for the ferocious fish of these seas. The possibility oppressed him like a nightmare, threatened to become an obsession, until quite deliberately he put it from him.

"The little man's a sailor, not a stoker shoveling coal under a steam kettle... He'll show up before the day's through."

In that faith he went to breakfast, and as he ate gave himself deliberately to his own affairs. There was, he knew, a ticklish day before him. The man who had puffed those poisonous darts across his chamber in the darkness might well attempt something of the kind in daylight when he could scarcely miss. If he did—well—in any case what must be would be. What was that tag old Danyo had written on that parchment of his?—Jacta est alea!—The die is cast.

"It sure is!" he thought with a reckless laugh. "I've got to see the blamed thing through, as old Danyo himself would have done. But if only I knew where that confounded Judas of a priest was—"

In his review of what lay before him he remembered something else. In an hour or so he had to be in the grove of the sacred birds to receive the Dyak chief whom he had commanded to present himself to make submission. In the cold light of morning he recognized that his message had been a fairly high-faluting one, but justified it to himself.

"Got to begin as one means to go on! But if the beggar has spunk and doesn't come?" The possibility braced him. "Then, by heaven! I'll fetch—drag him by the neck."

He meant it. The possibility of opposition went to his head like wine, stirred the imperiousness that slumbered in him, and begot the resolution to act with a high hand, whatever happened. "If I go down, the bunting shall be flying."

In pursuance of this policy he issued a command that all the Islanders, with their arms, should assemble in the grove at the appointed hour, and as the time drew near, he took his way up the hill with Elespeth. The girl was visibly nervous, plainly anticipating some untoward thing. He rallied her on her apprehension, and got her answer.

"It is Melchior, I fear," answered the girl. "None that I have asked has seen him. That is a strange thing."

"Maybe he is in the temple."

"Or plotting evil with the seafolk. That would be like him."

"But what can he do there?"

"Those darts blown in the darkness..." she began and stopped, then resumed with a little catch of apprehension in her voice. "A man hidden in the grove might make another attempt—and make his kill."

He nodded. "I have thought of that."

"Or a spear might be thrown—"

"Yes!" he owned.

"Or a man might break through the crowd with a kris or a sharp parang such as the sea-folk use—and you go without weapon."

"No," he laughed. "I carry six lives in my pocket, and if there's trouble I'll have every one before I go down, Elespeth."

"But... why go. Danyo? If—"

"Would have me run, girl? Is it in your mind that Danyo's folk should spit at me, and chase me off the beach into the lagoon to be eaten by the fishes, and to be made into a story for their children to laugh at?"

"No!" answered Elespeth. "But I am in great fear for you."

"Don't worry, sweeting! A man must make his stake in a big game."

"And if Pawang Helai does not come to your bidding, Danyo?"

"Pawang Helai! So that's the beggar's name, is it?"

"Yes. If he should not come, Danyo, what will you do?"

"Fetch him!" answered Yeo, tersely. "Come he shall."

They reached the cleft which led to the valley, and Yeo marched ahead, entering the grove with head held high and eyes flashing. Elespeth's folk were already there, and the crowd, as he saw, was armed and seething with excitement. As he marched towards them, he saw Elespeth glance anxiously at the nearest trees, where the shadows were dense, and guessing what was in her mind, felt goose-flesh on his spine. If that fellow with a sumpitan were there—

As he moved he was listening for the little "phut" that would herald the coming of painful death; but he gave no sign of the fact. Outwardly careless of demeanor, with something of the swaggering spirit that had led old Danyo to have his image carved holding the world in his hand, he went forward. As he reached the first of the waiting ranks, his eyes flashed a glance at the trees.

Thirty yards. A man would have to be a marksman, with the breath of a giant to spit him with one of the pith-butted darts at that distance. He drew a deep breath. If a dart came now, or if a spear were to be thrown, it must come from one of the white savages so bubbling with excitement. Well, he could face that.

He marched through the lines as a king might walk between the lines of courtiers at a levee, everyone watching him intently, and not all obsequiously. Here and there he caught a hostile eye, and as he went by marked the owner of each closely, as a man to be borne in mind.

With the sacred birds calling to each other overhead and flashing in the sunlight, straight up the grove he went until he reached the temple. There he halted and turned, with his back against the basalt walls, the entrance no more than a couple of yards away.

"A strategic position," he explained to Elespeth, with a light laugh. "If trouble blows up here's sanctuary, and—"

He broke off sharply and flashed a look in the direction of the doorway. Something in his face caught the girl's attention.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Just as well to see the place is clear. A rush from behind would be awkward."

The girl nodded understandingly and passed inside. A minute or two passed during which Yeo, standing unconsciously in the attitude of the image within, faced the crowd. The excitement was growing as he saw; and there was an undertone of conversation that filled the grove with sound. He strove to catch the drift of it, but heard no more than a name.

"Melchior!"

"There's the reef," he thought. "Well, if I split on him, I'll have long enough to take him with me."

He caught Elespeth's step behind him, but did not turn his head. The crowd was growing more feverish, and he knew that if there were hostile intentions abroad it would be easier for them to fructify to deed if his head were turned. More than once he had stood on blazing beaches holding a crowd of painted savages with his eye; and these, though they were white and wore sarongs instead of loincloths, were no way different.

"No one," said the girl quietly.

"Good!" he commented, and watched the excited ranks in front of him.

A shaft of sunlight broke through the arching trees, and under it he caught the gleam of parang and kris and spear.

"I was a fool to tell them to bring those things," he thought. "If hysteria bites one of them it'll go through them like rabies and heaven knows what will happen. I hope old what's-his-name will happen along on time. If he doesn't there's going to be the deuce to pay."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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20 McMURDO SILVER WORLD WIDE RADIOS FREE

Official Radio BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION
List Price $375.00

Two 12-tube sets given every **week** until Nov. 10. Tunes in on the whole world. Be sure to get an entry blank at any store which sells

Pro-phy-lac-tic PERMA-GRIP Tooth Brush

"...discovered in a great U.S. medical college!"

...this new Yeast acts *much faster*"

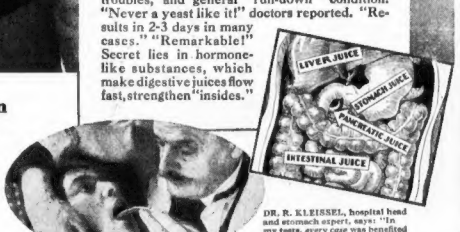
explains

DR. R. E. LEE

... Fleischmann Health Research head. He states: "It's an entirely new '*strain*' of yeast, very rich in hormone-like* substances."

Astonishing Results in Hundreds of Test Cases, clinic heads report

Thirteen American and 12 famous European clinics gave the new "XR" Yeast to people with very stubborn constipation, indigestion, skin troubles, and general "run-down" condition. "Never a yeast like it!" doctors reported. "Results in 2-3 days in many cases." "Remarkable!" Secret lies in hormone-like substances, which make digestive juices flow fast, strengthen "insides."



DR. R. KLEISSEL, hospital head and stomach expert, says: "In my tests, *every case* was benefited quickly, thanks to effect on digestive secretions."

—corrects constipation, indigestion and related skin disorders and "run-down" condition far quicker. (Newly added Vitamin A combats colds, too!)

THOUSANDS, amazed by news of this quicker acting new yeast, have asked question after question. Here are Dr. Lee's answers:

1. What led to its Discovery?

Years of research by many of the leading scientists in great American medical colleges. A noted bacteriologist finally isolated this new yeast . . . was astounded by its quick action when tested.

2. But isn't all Yeast alike?

No! There are dozens of "strains" or varieties. This *new* one (known as "XR" Yeast to scientists) is the strongest ever found . . . acts most vigorously—faster—in the body.

*It's very rich in hormone-like substances (body "activators") which speed the flow of your digestive juices and strengthen digestive action all through you astonishingly.

3. How do these juices affect Constipation and Indigestion?

Most constipation, indigestion, etc., *start* when these juices *slow up!* This new yeast makes your juices flow faster and muscles work harder *from your stomach on down.*

Thus your food is better "churned"—digested. Your stomach empties sooner, food is passed along and out of you more quickly. You shouldn't feel "stuffed up," or have indigestion after meals. Constipation usually stops entirely in a short time.

Cathartics, which act harshly only on *part* of the bowels, can't really correct constipation at all. "XR" Yeast actually "normalizes" you!

4. The Skin clears quicker, too?

Yes! Most common cases of "bad skin," it is now known, arise when poisons from clogged intestines try to get out through your skin.

"XR" Yeast speeds up your digestive system and feeds pure nourishment into your blood—not poisons. Your skin gains "tone," becomes *healthier.* Pimples, etc., should soon disappear!

5. How does it give you Energy?

By cleansing you inside and helping you get more "good" from your food! People over 40, especially, need "XR" Yeast to correct the slowing up of digestive secretions often occurring rapidly after that age . . . and in this way to relieve one of the greatest causes of premature "old age." It helps often in rheumatism, by correcting the bodily auto-intoxication (intestinal poisoning) frequently associated with this complaint.

6. Will it prevent Colds?

It helps—not only by cleaning you out, but by supplying Vitamin A (newly added), the "infection-preventing" vitamin. Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast also contains Vitamins B, D and G—*four* vitamins we all need vitally for health!

VERY IMPORTANT!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast every day, plain or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. Discontinue cathartics gradually. "XR" Yeast is a food, so keep on after you begin to get quick results—till you're *well!* Start to eat it right now.

"This new 'XR' Yeast acts twice as Fast!"

"After eating the new Yeast two days I felt better," writes Mrs. J. A. Corney, New York City. "I was sluggish, had indigestion. Fleischmann's 'XR' Yeast is twice as fast as the former yeast."

Fleischmann's XR Yeast (As good as ever for baking!)

NOW ON SALE AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNDAINS

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Lemon *brings out the* Flavor

LEMON brings out the fresh-from-the-water zestfulness of oysters and all the other members of the distinguished shellfish family.

LEMON brings out the full savor of meats... roasts, fried or broiled. (A teaspoon of juice in the water makes boiled meats more tender.)

LEMON brings out the hidden goodness in salad ingredients and blends them as they should be. Always use it in the dressing.

LEMON brings out the flavor of spinach...and of many other vegetables such as beets, carrots, string beans, etc. Add just before eating.

LEMON brings out the best there is in fish... takes kindly to sardines in oil...freshens up salmon and other canned sea foods amazingly.

LEMON brings out new tastes in canned vegetables...canned fruits ...and fruit juices. It adds a welcome touch of needed freshness.

Lemon adds to the enjoyment and healthfulness of a surprising number of everyday foods!

TAKE a tip from noted chefs. Use fresh lemon juice to bring out flavors.

If you now use lemon only with tea or fish—try it in the other ways pictured here. You'll receive new applause for your cooking.

These foods *look* more inviting, also, if you make the lemon do double duty as a garnish. Use halves, quarters, or simple slices, cut designs, or decorate the fruit with paprika, parsley or pimiento.

Adds Healthfulness As Well

And the same lemon that thus intrigues the appetite at the same time aids digestion. It helps to counteract acidosis. It adds three of the protective food essentials (vitamins B and C, and calcium) which help to keep the body youthfully vigorous.

Sunkist *California* Lemons

MAIL THIS TODAY

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Sec. 1710-C, Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, California

☐ *Send* FREE, *"Sunkist Recipes for Every Day."*
☐ *Send* FREE, *"Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous" and "World's New Dental Story."*

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

For health reasons it is recommended that the juice of half a lemon be included in each of two glasses of fresh orange juice in your daily diet. This amount of the combined fruit juices added to the well-balanced menu of 341 children for one year reduced tooth decay 57%—and decreased gum troubles 83%.

Since lemons contribute so much to the joy of eating and the joy of living, keep a dozen always on hand. Those trademarked "Sunkist" on the wrapper are California's juiciest. Grocers are featuring them this week. Ask for special prices on quantities of a dozen or more.

Recipes—FREE BOOKLETS—Health

Send coupon for the *free* booklet "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day" with more than 200 ways to serve lemons and oranges. Also request "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous" and "World's New Dental Story," giving up-to-date information on the place of citrus fruits in the healthful diet. Copyright, 1934, California Fruit Growers Exchange

CORNS
CALLOUSES-BUNIONS-SORE TOES
Instant Relief!
Now Dr Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

The way New Dr Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain and quickly loosen and remove corns and calluses; the protection they give from shoe friction and pressure that cause corns, calluses, bunions, sore toes and blisters—will delight you. But that isn't all!

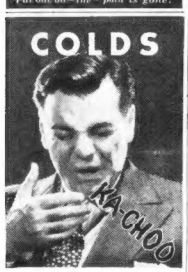
NEW FEATURES

These soothing, healing pads have the new, flexible, velvety-soft flesh color Sensitex covering that hides foot blemishes; makes them invisible under sheer hose. They are waterproof; don't come off in the bath or stick to the stocking. All this extra value at no extra cost! Sold at all drug, shoe and department stores.

FLESH COLOR

NEW Dr Luxe
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

COLDS



"Ben-Gay" relieves that congestion—its fumes clear your head

When one of those "all-over" colds hits you—rush for "Ben-Gay." Rub it on your head and chest—freely. It will help throw off congestion, and do it in a hurry! And "Ben-Gay's" pleasant fumes will clear your head. "Ben-Gay" is sure, quick relief. This remarkable pain killer goes right to the congested spot and stays there until it gives relief. Always insist on the original "Ben-Gay." None of its imitators has its quick, penetrating, pain-relieving action.

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH
BAUME BEN-GAY
IT PENETRATES

All the World LOVES BEAUTIFUL HAIR

But DANDRUFF is a MENACE

WHY endanger your business and social life with Dandruff when you can correct it so quickly and easily with Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic? Made under our Standardized Formula for two decades—used by millions everywhere. Happy results with the very first application—Guaranteed Results from the first bottle. Costs little at Druggists and Barbers.

Also makers of Lucky Tiger Magic Shampoo, Lucky Tiger Hair Dressing for Dry Scalp and Lucky Tiger Antiseptic Ointment for Ringworm, Athlete's Foot and Skin Infections.

Lucky Tiger HAIR TONIC
Not Dandruff!
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly—there's no other magazine like it.

Full Moon by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 16)

keep me posted. Good-night, Blair, my boy, and good luck."

Blair Warrender shook hands and walked out, cursing his luck in silence. It was bad enough that the Commissioner almost never told more than half what he knew; one had to work more or less in the dark and learn to like it. But to have to thrust himself on Henrietta Frensham and invade her privacy—extract her secrets—spy on her—

"Great day! I supposed I'd never see her again. . . Well orders are orders. Here goes."

He went to his quarters, tubbed, changed and took dinner alone at the club.

CHAPTER III.

Wu Tu.

BLAIR walked from the club to police headquarters, answering the salutes of constables on duty with a nod and a stare that seemed to act like a tonic. The men stiffened. Responsibility in some way sat more valiantly on their shoulders for having seen him.

At headquarters Indian subordinates stirred as a tuning-fork answers a master-tone. He spoke to one dark-eyed veteran, who stood at ease with the familiarity of friendship, and who nodded—deep unto deep.

"All has been ready," the Indian answered, "since the Chief telephoned at eight-thirty."

Later, at nearly seven o'clock, a Pathan walked out, muttering, through the side-street entrance to the detention cells. It was an unusual hour, but he could hardly be anything else than a released prisoner. He swaggered with the sulky-jaunty truculence of a Pathan recovering lost dignity, but he looked rather lost and feckless without a weapon.

He thrust his way between the passers-by, and took the street past the King Edward Memorial Hospital toward the dera of the Kabuli Afghans, where the horse-traders stay who come down from the North to sell fat-rumped ponies to inexperienced British subalterns, and to spread through teeming slums and credulous bazaars amazing tales of Northern Asia in arms. As he stood for a moment etched and shadowed by the naked electric light outside the dera entrance a bearded Afghan, on his way out of the dera, paused and stared.

"What wonders next?" the Afghan exclaimed. "O Ismail, what knife-feud brought thee hither? It was in Poona I last saw thee. Was the Poona hasheesh too strong? Or did the Sellers of Delights neglect thee when they had thy money? What now?"

"Get thee back to Kabul, to thy wife!" Ismail replied.

He pushed past the Afghan, swaggering through into the shadowy saddle- and spice smell of the dera, vanishing along a corridor, under a stairway. A key that creaked noisily turned behind him.

Then the Afghan followed and stood listening, but all he heard was the thump of a mattress or something like it being beaten on the inside; he could see nothing through the keyhole, so he went away about his business with the affected swinging gait of a middle-aged man who has spent two-thirds of his life on horse or camel-back.

Near midnight, he whom the Afghan had addressed as Ismail walked out of the dera with another Pathan and the two walked solemnly along the empty streets until they reached the dismal quarter where the millhands sleep like corpses in the gutter; thence, on through even narrower, shuttered and winding alleyways toward a more prosperous section, where a Hindu temple loomed, its shadow lit by little lamps that looked choked by the hot dark.

Near there a police patrol stopped them; it was only three days since some Moslems had butchered a sacred cow in that temple entrance, and there are more ways than that of defiling Hindu temple steps. But both men showed passes, and the signature on them worked like magic. The police did not even wait to watch which way they went.

They took a rather wider street, where tired trees loomed against the stars. Near the end of the street they made peculiar signals on the door of a balconied house.

There were beggars lurking in the shadows, as always near such houses; some of them stirred like graveyard ghouls, observed for a moment and then dozed again; they wasted no importunity on Pathan night-errants.

But there was one near the door, all eyes, amid smelly rags, in shadow. He might be a Bauriah—one of the criminal tribe that shams asceticism to impose on piety. He spoke:

"Protectors of the poor, nine who have entered this house gave me nothing. The All-knowing seeth. The All-seeing knoweth. Alms! Alms!"

"Allah is all around thee! Allah protect thee! Await His pleasure!" answered the Pathan who had been addressed as Ismail. He gave him nothing.

The heavy door opened inward cautiously. The two passed in, in silence, into darkness, standing still until the outer door was shut and bolted at their backs. Then an inner door opened suddenly into an electric lighted hall, where a number of low-caste, well-dressed servants lurked around a heavy wooden stairway, and on the tiles, beside a heavy mat, was a row of slippers, some new, some old, but none of Bombay craftsmanship.

Both Pathans kicked off their foot-gear; he known as Ismail tripped on the mat, uncovering a pair of imported brown-and-white shoes that looked incongruous in that place, but he appeared not to notice them.

"See that I get my own again," he ordered, scowling so fiercely that the custodian of slippers cringed.

Then he led up the dark steak stairway without ceremony. But a drumstick, pulled by a cord from below, thumped on a gong up above to announce him, and a door at the stairhead opened before he reached it.

A young Chinese girl, as insolent as fate, in a jacket and trousers of blue and amber-flowered silk, confronted him beneath a gilded dragon. Behind her, down a long corridor, there was mandarin-palace loot—jade—crystal — lacquer — gossamer curtains—rose-hued light from hidden electric bulbs—a smell of sandalwood—a haze of incense—weird, dim music.

She herself looked like an antique, sloe-eyed, with a black fringe straight across her forehead. She was smoking a cigarette in a long jade tube. Her intensely intelligent eyes—no other gesture—observant, indifferent, self-assured — directed both men toward a doorway twenty steps along the corridor on the left hand.

She closed the stairhead door behind them and followed, blowing smoke rings.

The Pathans swaggered through a clattering curtain of metallic beads into a room part Indian, part Chinese, richly carpeted. There was a long, deep divan. On the floor were heaped cushions of gorgeous colors.

Opposite the door a gilded dragon-screen concealed one corner; and beside that, on a mandarin's throne, sat the woman who owned the place.

Her age might not be guessed. Good humor and the full flood of physical health obeyed intelligence, concealing all but what she chose should seem; and she was lovelier to the eye than any cream-and-honey quadroon who ever maddened Paris. Forbidden knowledge, that had not wearied her, laughed forth from dark eyes and carmined lips. Eurasian, slim, so marvelously formed and subtly strong that the ease of her poise suggested motion. She was dressed in jet-black Chinese silk.

The jacket, open at the throat, revealed a daffodil-yellow lining and a throat that Rodin might have thumbed from creamy meerschaum. A big diamond flushed in her dark hair. Pearls on the lobes of her ears stole glow and color from her skin. She had jade bracelets that clashed when she moved, but no other jewelry; there were no rings on her strong hands, and her hands looked young.

But even younger and more graceful were the naked feet that lazed below the black silk, which suggested rather than revealed impudently shapely legs. A hint, but no more than a hint of Chinese hovered near her eyes; they were the eyes of the devil, beautiful with love of dangerous living.

"Hello, Warrender," she said.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Secrets of the Great Jewel Robberies

(Continued from Double Page)

we would pull away from Broadway for a while, rest up, and really enjoy our new home.

What we didn't realize was that we had been traveling at too fast a pace for too many years to relax overnight. Our resting period lasted just two weeks. By then we were both fit subjects for a nerve specialist. Broadway, the bright lights, gambling, all the things that had become a part of our life, were our life, in fact, and we went back to them. During the Spring season at Belmont Park we lost $75,000 gambling. By the close of the Belmont Fall racing season, we had lost all of that $100,000 cash, had mortgaged our home for $40,000, and lost that, and eventually lost our home itself.

When Winter started, we left again, for Miami, and Harry Sitamore was definitely out of retirement, and back in the business of thievery again.

As a matter of fact, not only was all of our money gone, but we were in debt. Harry had borrowed $15,000 from an East Side fence to enable us to buy clothes, rent a swanky apartment in Miami, and generally pay the expense of our "front." My husband's wardrobe for that Winter season campaign consisted of twenty-five suits. I had nearly that many evening gowns and sports outfits, not to count street gowns and suits.

We had arrived in Miami a little in advance of the season, and for a week or two we had little to do except rest in the warm Florida sun on the beaches. I think those were the two most enjoyable weeks I can remember in all the years I knew my husband.

Charlotte Moore Schoemmell, better known as "Lottie," the champion swimmer, had set a number of records, and she was in Miami to set more. She quickly became one of the most popular of the season's guests. As I recall it, Mrs. Janet Walker, the first wife of Jimmy Walker who was then New York's mayor, came to Miami with Lottie. They were together all the time. I had known Lottie in New York, and through her met Mrs. Walker at Miami. After Harry had completed a few small jewel robberies, we had money enough so that I could reopen my beauty parlor there—Mildred's—and both Mrs. Walker and the swimmer were among my regular customers. It amused them to think that a woman "as wealthy as you are," as they told me, should go into business.

I told you that most women, for some unknown reason, keep their jewels in the right-hand dresser drawer. For some equally unknown reason, most women make an intimate confidante of the girl who attends them in a beauty parlor. During the days when I worked actively in my shops, I have had literally dozens of women, some of them prominent, discuss their matrimonial, financial and spiritual difficulties with me. Just what there is about the atmosphere of a beauty parlor that loosens the tongues of usually quiet women, I don't know, but there is something.

One of my customers was intrigued by the wealth of jewels she saw at Miami that Winter. And when she came into Mildred's with a friend much of her conversation concerned the beautiful jewels she had seen at whatever party she had attended the night before. I mentioned this to Harry one night, telling him jokingly that this individual knew more about Miami's jewels than he did. I noticed at the time that he looked at me rather sharply, but thought nothing more about it.

The following day I met my husband coming out of an empty store building next door to my beauty shop.

"I am in the barber business," he announced, with a grin, and went on to explain that he had met a barber whom he had known in New York, who was out of a job in Miami, and that he had loaned the man money to start a shop. It was not unlike my husband, and I thought little more about it.

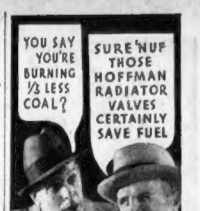
What Harry had actually done, as he told me much later, was to establish the barber shop, but the idea was not entirely philanthropic. He had reserved a small room in the back of the place for himself, and then wired every booth in my beauty shop with a dictograph. Then when the unsuspecting jewel-advertiser was telling her friend or myself of the beautiful gems she had seen, Harry sat in his little room a few feet away taking notes of names, price and individual pieces of jewelry mentioned by either of them during the conversation. Not only was he listening to their conversations, but to the conversations of every other wealthy woman who came into the place.

"That spot was worth pretty close to a half million dollars to me," he told me later, when he revealed his method for going into the barber business. "I must have gotten $200,000 worth of information out of those two gossipers alone." If there ever were two honest women in the world they were the two, but, unwittingly, they informed my husband of a dozen opportunities for him to practice his profession as a jewel thief.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

YOU SAY YOU'RE BURNING ⅓ LESS COAL?

SURE 'NUF THOSE HOFFMAN RADIATOR VALVES CERTAINLY SAVE FUEL



Amazing new COMFORT for STEAM HEATED HOMES

If you have a steam heated home, no-wonder your radiators with Hoffman Vacuum Valves will bring you extra warmth . . . on much less fuel than you are now burning. They convert an old-fashioned, wasteful steam heating plant into a money-saving vacuum system. Uncle Sam, through the Easy Credit Terms of the National Housing Act, now enables you to install these genuine Hoffman Valves while prices are below 1926 levels. Fuel savings will quickly pay off the principal and interest of your loan. Consult your local Heating and Plumbing Contractor now.

For genuine never-wasting results, be sure to insist on genuine Hoffman Vacuum Valves with the patented Double Air Locks.

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HOFFMAN NO.2 VACUUM VALVES
FOR ONE PIPE STEAM SYSTEMS

THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT WILLIE'S RECENT BURST OF ENERGY!

You'll find, too, that "starting the day" really will seem easier, with the help of delicious Post's 40% Bran Flakes.

Thanks, Mr. Fox

for your co-operation, but weren't you just a bit too enthusiastic?

WE'D LIKE to make it plain that the artist went quite a bit further than we intended when he drew this sketch for us!

However, we do want to say this much, seriously, to everyone: If you seem lacking in vitality, and "not quite up to snuff," it may be that you have a sluggish intestine, due to lack of bulk in the diet. And you may find you'll feel like a different person, once you've corrected this trouble!

So why don't you eat Post's 40% Bran Flakes . . . every morning for breakfast? It contains bran to supply the bulk that's needed to keep food wastes moving naturally and easily along the intestinal tract . . . and to help keep you regular and fit.

It also contains other parts of wheat, to supply that appetizing flavor. Just try it! We know you'll find it a delicious cereal . . . and it may be the thing you need to make you like your old self again.

Every grocer has it . . . and it costs so little. Post's 40% Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat is a product of General Foods.

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I was Starving for Romance

FREE TEST

"until a scrap of paper" led me to loveliness

I was starving for romance... I could never seem to attract men at all. Until one lucky day I happened to visit the 10¢ store and a "scrap of paper" changed my whole life and led me to loveliness.

I accepted from the girl at the cosmetic counter a sample card sprayed from the giant atomizer of Blue Waltz Perfume. What exquisite fragrance! It made me think of music ... moonlight ... romance.

Quickly I bought this divine perfume for I hoped it would give me more charm. How thrilled I was when men began to ask me for dates! At last my dreams of romance are coming true ... and it's Blue Waltz Perfume that made me glamorous.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store. Get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer ... you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and all the other wonderful Blue Waltz Cosmetics ... Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Brilliantine, Cream Rouge, Talcum Powder. Certified to be pure and only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Bleaches!

The gentle bleaching action eliminates muddy skins, dull complexions, freckles, tan and discolorations, as your appearance instantly assumes an irresistible beauty.

ORIENTAL CREAM
Gouraud
White · Flesh · Rachel and Oriental-Tint

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Lemon
brings out the
Flavor

SALAD dressings should bring out the flavors of the fruits, vegetables, meats or fish and blend them. Lemon does this as nothing else can. So when you make French (or other) dressings, use strained fresh lemon juice — the same amount as of any tart ingredient.

For Free Booklet, "200 Sunkist Recipes for Every Day," write Sunkist, Sec. 1710-B, Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, California.

Copr., 1934, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Sunkist
California
Lemons
BUY THEM BY THE DOZEN

BLONDES

Wash golden sunshine into your hair!

BLONDE hair, like silk chemises, demands special treatment. That's why thousands of blondes shampoo their hair only with Blondex, the shampoo created especially for them. They know it not only helps prevent darkening, but also keeps the hair light, sparkling, and golden. Safely brings back the beautiful sheen and lustre that made blonde hair so attractive. It is approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute. Blondex is a powdery shampoo that bubbles instantly into a rich, creamy lather. At all drug and department stores in two sizes—$1.00 and 25c.

Keep a can of 3-in-One Oil in your car. Use it to end squeaks; to loosen rusty rim bolts; for generator and distributor. Sold everywhere in handy cans and bottles.

IN NEW HANDY CANS AND BOTTLES

Give your bathroom that "sunshiny" sparkle. Just a sprinkle of BAB-O... a wipe... and enamel and porcelain, tiles and fixtures gleam like new. Economical too... a little BAB-O does a big job. Insist on BAB-O at your dealer.

BAB-O
FOR ENAMEL AND PORCELAIN
BAB-O

Brightens Bathrooms quickly

TRY the new Babbitt product WET ME WET, the magic powder in a pod. Makes windows, silverware, auto windshields clear and spotless. Ask for WET ME WET at your dealer. Only 10 cents. Also on sale at thousands of Gas Stations along the highway.

Novel Oyster Recipes

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

TOO often, when oysters are available, does the housewife fall back on the familiar stew or fried form. Let her try some of the following recipes if she would vary her menu with this delicious shellfish.

Oysters and Mushrooms (Guest Dish): 2 cups small raw oysters, 2 cups cooked button mushrooms, 3 cups milk, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons onion juice, salt, white pepper, 4 egg yolks, 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Drain oysters and cook in pan until their edges curl—removing to a hot dish. Make a sauce by blending the oyster liquor with the milk, and thickening with the butter and flour. When sauce is smooth and well blended and seasoned, add cooked and chopped mushrooms. Beat egg yolks and add a little of the hot mixture slowly, then all of it. Add the oysters and cook over hot water stirring constantly (about 2 minutes). Serve immediately with toasted crackers. This same mixture may be baked au gratin or as an oyster souffle, or used creamed over toast, etc.

Oysters Long Branch: 2 tablespoons butter, 24 large oysters, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1 tablespoon minced celery, 1 tablespoon minced mild onion, 2 tablespoons cooking sherry, salt, pepper, paprika. Melt butter in saucepan and brown parsley, celery and onion in the butter. Add sherry and cook for 2 minutes. Drain shelled oysters, and drop into sherry mixture. Cook 2 minutes longer. Season and serve immediately. (Excellent for chafing dish or table cookery, or as supper dish with buttered toast.)

Oysters Baked with Spaghetti: Cook spaghetti in usual manner, then drain. Have ready a thin white sauce and 2 cups small raw oysters. Place spaghetti in greased baking dish, adding oysters between the layers. Sprinkle with crumbs and pour over white sauce. Top with large bread crumbs and bake in quick oven about 10 minutes, just enough to brown crumbs.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Hot Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Hot Cereal, Poached Eggs on Toast, Bacon, Coffee, Macaroni Surprise, Mixed Fruit Salad, French Rolls, Cocoa.	Fruit, Hot Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Creamed Dried Beef, Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Hot Cereal, Poached Eggs on Broiled Tomatoes, Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Griddle Cakes, Jelly, Coffee.	Fruit, Hot Cereal, Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Vegetable Chowder, Prune, Orange and Cheese Salad, Ice Box Graham Rolls, Tea.		Baked Sausage Balls, Baked Potatoes, Graham Bread, Ripe Apples and Grapes, Tea.	Cheese Fondue, Tomato Salad, Chives Dressing, Whole Wheat Bread, Cocoa or Tea.	Cheese Fondue, Tomato Salad, Chives Dressing, Whole Wheat Bread, Cocoa or Tea.	Scalloped Spinach, Biscuits, Date Custard, Hot Fruit Punch.	Tomato or Sauerkraut Cocktail, Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding, String Beans or Mustard Greens, Celery, Raisin and Ripe Apple Salad, Coffee Souffle.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Supper*
Baked Ham, Cider Sauce, Buttered Spinach, Mashed White or Sweet Potatoes, Heart Lettuce with California Dressing, Gingerbread with Foamy Sauce.	Casserole of Left-Over Ham, Steamed String Beans, Tomato and Shredded Raw Cabbage Salad, Raisin Bread Pudding.	Stuffed Flank Steak, Bread Dressing, Brown Gravy, Glazed Onions, Creamed Cauliflower, Celery, Orange Layer Cake.	Baked Pork Tenderloins, Pan Roasted Potatoes, Baked Carrots, Green Bouquet Salad (Raw Vegetables), French Dressing, Apple Whip, Crisp Cookies.	Baked Finnan Haddie, Baked Potatoes, Buttered Carrots and Peas, Cole Slaw, Pineapple Cornstarch Pudding.	Swedish Cabbage Soup, Baked Veal Cutlets, Potatoes, Buttered Beans, Vegetable Salad, Savory Dressing, Warm Eggless Chocolate Cake with Frozen Whipped Cream.	Baked Noodles, Lettuce and Stuffed Prune Salad, Lemon-Orange Snow.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3086—SMART BUTTON DETAIL AND A YOUTHFUL BOYISH COLLAR TRIM THIS SLIM TAILORED DRESS. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch fabric and ¼ yard 36-inch contrasting.

Pattern 3126—DOLMAN SLEEVES STEP UP TO THE FRONT RANKS OF THE LATEST MODE. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3127—A PRETTY HOUSE DRESS. DESIGNED ALONG SIMPLE AND CLASSICAL LINES. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3125—THIS WELL-FITTING SLIP AND TAILORED PANTIES COME IN ONE PATTERN. Designed for sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3085—A CHIC JUMPER DRESS WITH SMART PLEATS AND PRETTY POINTED SHOULDER STRAPS. Designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 10 requires 1¾ yards 54-inch fabric and 1¼ yards 36-inch contrasting.

Pattern 3128—A DOLL'S COMPLETE WARDROBE, STYLED TO CHARM THE MOST FASTIDIOUS LITTLE GIRL. Yardage for each garment is included in the pattern. The wardrobe comes for dolls 16, 18, 22 and 24 inches tall.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

This new and perfected series of patterns which is appearing in The American Weekly is strictly up to the moment. The patterns are styled by an eminent fashion authority on the theory that true chic is simple. Any one—any one at all—can make them with the aid of the large diagrammed sewing chart which accompanies each pattern. PLEASE NOTE CAREFULLY THE ADDRESS TO WHICH THEY ARE TO BE SENT—and you can count upon speedy delivery.

Join the Limerick Parade

WIN $5

See details below

Old Dutch is grand to get things bright
In little time, with labor slight;
Costs less to use
And that's good news
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